New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LVI · No. 1446 SATURDAY · 29 NOVEMBER 1958 NINEPENCE

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Labour in Modern Dress

HUGH GAITSKELL has entered his kingdom. This week, with the publication of *The Future Labour Offers You* and the launching of the pre-election campaign, he assumes supreme command and responsibility. Since he first aspired to the leadership, his aim has been to create a smooth-running party machine, free of factional dispute, which could present the electorate with an image of moderation and efficiency. He had to repair an organisation damaged by electoral defeat and eroded by old age. The reforms which followed the Wilson report have done that. He had to dispose of Bevanism, which Mr Gaitskell has always considered to be one of the main reasons why the party was beaten in 1955. Now Bevanism is no more, and Mr Bevan himself may be photographed from time to time sitting amiably at the leader's side. He had to work out in detail the moderate policy he believes will appeal to a relatively prosperous electorate, and he has personally supervised the work of the policy committees and the drafting of this popular digest of their proposals. Every phrase has been carefully scutinised to remove anything that might make Labour seem irresponsible.

So, at last, the job was done. The glossy guide to Labour's policy which Mr Gaitskell and his colleagues presented to the television audience on Tuesday night is designed to serve three purposes, each of which follows logically from the manner in which he has reconstructed the party. First, it offers the rank and file a clear summary of the Labour programme, for which they can campaign continuously up to polling day. That was needed, and it will be good for morale. Secondly, as the constituency parties set out to distribute the brochure in large numbers, they will have to mobilise their members. That will tune up the organisation. Finally, by showing that Labour, too, can wear modern dress—'glossier than thou' is Lord Hailsham's apt phrase—Mr Gaitskell is bidding for voters who feel more at home in grey flannel suits than cloth caps.

Nor is this all. Comparatively few of those who buy the pamphlet will read it carefully, or change their opinions after reading it. But, apart from its worth as the centrepiece of an organisational drive, it has a symbolic value as the covenant of an unusual unity within the party. The Labour Party's objectives may be limited; they may reflect the views of Mr Gaitskell and his circle of advisers rather than the sentiments of the most active party members; but they add up to a reasonable programme which is relevant to present conditions and adequate to keep Labour ministers busy for the life of one parliament. For once, party members will be speaking at the same time with the same voice. All over the country, local Labour parties are working to a carefully devised plan—more simple and effective than anything they have been given before by Transport House—which should do something to offset the expensive persuasions of the Tory Central Office.

All this Mr Gaitskell may put on the credit side of his account. But will it be enough? Can he compete with the equally smart campaigning that Mr Macmillan will do before the election, spreading bait for the hungry interest groups of pensioners, householders, parents worried about the 11-plus, taxpayers looking to the Budget for further reliefs? Can he revive interest in politics sufficiently to shatter the mould of apathy which the Tories encourage because they know that a high poll helps Labour? It is doubtful. The Labour Party may be able, on these terms, to fight defensively and hold its ground. But, on domestic issues, its pledges may seem too similar to the professed intentions of the government to make the choice seem very important—and in such circumstances the government tends to get the benefit of the doubt. The best the current campaign can do is to present Labour as a party which knows what it wants to do, and has leaders who know how they would do it if they are given the opportunity.

Whether the opportunity comes depends upon events largely beyond Mr Gaitskell's control. It seems, increasingly, that the election will be decided by what happens to our economy. If Mr Amory does not manage to contain unemployment at 'an excessively low level'—the revealing phrase he let slip recently—then it is likely to be Mr Wilson's plan for expansion that will make Mr Gaitskell his next-door neighbour in Downing Street.

Comments on the Week's News

The Recruiting Row

The quarrel between Mr Head and Mr Sandys on the minimum required figure for Britain's future regular army came into the open this week when both Right Honourable Gentlemen indulged in a violent slanging match at a not-so-private meeting of Conservative members. On Monday, Mr Sandys had, by inference, accused Mr Head of lying when he claimed, last July, that the Hull Committee had recommended 220,000 as the absolute strategic minimum, and that Mr Sandys' figure of 165,000 was merely an actuarial calculation, based solely on what the army was likely to get. The Hull Committee's figure, said Mr Sandys, was 197,000. The discrepancy is probably technical: Mr Head, it seems, was quoting a figure which included women and boys, while Mr Sandys was referring merely to men. The real substance of Mr Head's charge against Mr Sandys lies elsewhere – in the process whereby the Minister of Defence reduced the 197,000 to 165,000. In explaining this drop, Mr Sandys referred vaguely to lower commitments in Germany and 'civilianisation and a variety of administrative economies'. Indeed, the crux of the debate on the Grigg Report came in the following interchange between Mr Wigg and Mr Soames:

> Mr George Wigg: Would [the Minister] be satisfied with an order of battle based on 165,000 at the present time?
>
> Mr Soames: That is not within the Grigg Report.

In other words, the government deliberately declines to go on record that the Sandys figure is a military calculation. Indeed, service manpower levels have now become so bedevilled by politics that there is probably a case for accepting Mr Wigg's suggestion that a statutory Defence Board be set up with powers to investigate this, and other service questions, from a non-party viewpoint. The new Institute of Strategic Studies, which has been created on the lines of Chatham House, may go some way to provide non-party thinking on defence problems, and the presence on its Council of such outspoken and independent critics as Professor P. M. S. Blackett, Captain Liddell Hart and Mr Michael Howard should ensure that it does not easily fall into the pocket of the Ministry of Defence. But it possesses no powers to extract information from the service departments, and it is precisely this lack of information – of the type freely available to Congress and the French Assembly – which is needed.

Isolated and Arrogant?

The British reaction on both sides of the House of Commons to the fiasco of Mr Maudling's Free Trade Area negotiations in Paris has been in general to paint a black picture of France, arrogant, isolated and stubborn. There has been talk of retaliation, of withdrawal from OEEC and the European Payments Union, even of mobilising the rest of Europe against the Common Market. Nobody has so far challenged the facts which are used to justify this campaign. Yet authoritative and well-informed sources in Europe paint a very different picture from Mr Maudling's. France is by no means isolated in this matter; and in fact the six countries of the Common Market made an offer to extend provisionally to the rest of Europe any concessions they have to make to each other. Mr Maudling refused this. The Six then proposed that a double-tier discriminatory system should be worked out between the Commonwealth, the OEEC countries and the Common Market countries, under which the degree of preference would depend on the obligations accepted by each country. Those willing to accept as much limitation on sovereignty as the Six would get the same treatment; while those who opted for a looser association would get less. Such an arrangement – which seems eminently sensible – could also take care of the special problems of the smaller and poorer countries of Europe which have been menaced by the British plans. No doubt the erection of a new system of preference would require American consent. But there is no reason to suppose that such consent would be withheld. The Americans have been eager to support all efforts towards closer European union, even if these meant modification of their traditional policy of absolute non-discrimination. The issue is to be debated next week in the Commons, and it is to hoped that Mr Harold Wilson will use the opportunity for a searching cross-examination of Mr Maudling on just what offers were made by the 'isolated' and 'arrogant' French, and just why they were turned down.

West African Union

Contrary to widespread reports here, Dr Nkrumah did not spring his agreement with French Guinea on the British government at the very last moment. In fact it was discussed at a Cabinet meeting in London on Tuesday of last week. The agreement itself will safeguard Guinea's economy, brusquely denuded of its French subsidy after the rejection of de Gaulle's constitution, and help M. Sekou Touré to build a national administration. Nkrumah's object has always been to establish some form of West African federation. It is a laudable aim, for a proliferation of tiny, balkanised African states could never hope to escape the economic and political disasters which have shaken Europe in the past. This move gives the Ghanaian leader the first initiative. Other states, such as Sierra Leone and Gambia, some of the French colonies, and perhaps Liberia, may well be attracted to the idea. The real test of Nkrumah's statesmanship, however, will be made in his relations with the far more powerful Nigerian leaders. At present they are somewhat contemptuous of his claims to leadership. Constitutionally the agreement with Guinea raises some intriguing points. Guinea may well be willing to leave the Franc Area in order to attract assistance in developing her considerable untapped resources of bauxite and iron ore. Will this imply entering the Sterling Area? Still more tricky are the implications for the Commonwealth. Is the union to be one of two sovereign states or of two federated parts of a new single sovereignty? In the former case there should be no difficulty about Ghana's retaining Commonwealth membership. In the latter case, the other Commonwealth members would have to decide whether Ghana, merged in a new state, could retain her Commonwealth place.

NEW STATESMAN INDEX

An index to Vol. LV (January-June 1958) is now available, price 2s. 6d. post free, from *New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1*

More Trouble for Haxell

When this journal first alleged that the Electrical Trades Union was being controlled by a Communist clique which had resorted to electoral fraud and trickery, we said that the remedy lay in the hands of the membership. That view was also taken by Mr Mark Young, a former member of one of the Communist 'advisory groups' in the union, in a letter which we published earlier this year that described in detail how the general secretary, Mr Haxell, and his colleagues have operated in the past. There was no answer from Mr Haxell, except the ludicrous suggestion – based on the fact that 'Mark' is Mr Young's nickname – that there is no such person as 'Mark' Young on the books of the Finchley branch. But union branches in various parts of the country have sent resolutions to the ETU executive demanding a special conference to discuss the charges made by Mr Young. Up to 8 November these requests had not appeared on the agenda of the ETU executive, though Mr Haxell had sent a form letter replying to them which accused Mr Young and this journal of using 'the smear techniques of McCarthyism'. On 8 November, Mr Frank Chapple, a member of the executive who has belonged to the Communist Party for 19 years, asked why the correspondence with the branches had not been reported to the executive. Mr Haxell then secured the executive's endorsement for his actions. Mr Chapple thereupon reported the truth about the situation to his own branch, which was one of those seeking a special conference. At the same time he resigned from the Communist Party, and publicly stated that he could no longer be silent in the face of Communist conspiracy, undemocratic conduct and corruption.

Modernising the Co-ops

By a knife-edge majority the 'ginger group' in the Co-operative movement carried the day at the special congress in Blackpool. The issue before the congress was the form in which the Co-ops should organise chain stores – a reform proposed by the independent commission which thoroughly investigated co-operative trading – to win back some of the trade lost in recent years to multiple shops. Both the Central Executive and its opponents agreed that a system of chain stores should be set up. But the executive, together with the wholesale societies, wanted the whole operation to be undertaken by a new organisation set up by the wholesale societies. Most of the retail societies, however, preferred the more imaginative proposals made by the Gaitskell commission, which would create a Co-operative Retail Development Society, with equal representation from the Central Executive and the wholesale societies. This new body would have no capital of its own, but would set up separate societies to run each chain – one for tailoring, one for footwear, and so on – which would more nearly reflect the structure of existing retail chains. In this way, it is believed, the Co-ops would be able to meet their competition on equal terms, reduce their dependence upon the dry-goods trade, and provide better outlets for CWS factories which are at present working well below capacity. This means a big structural change, just as the decision to invest more means a change in dividend policy, but the choice is between this and the present stagnation.

More Welcome at the Airport

Mr Butler's announcement that in future self-supporting immigrants—he particularly cited writers and artists as one group and the close relatives of naturalised British subjects as another—would normally be allowed to stay in Britain as long as they wished is a small victory for decency and common sense. Of course Britain, which by common agreement cannot be an open immigration country, has in broad terms shown a reasonably liberal attitude to many groups of immigrants, and especially to political refugees. But there have been plenty of recent indications that the Home Office bureaucracy had far too strong a hold on the operation of the immigration authorities. The cases of Dr Linus Pauling and Pastor Niemoller were examples, at best, of tactlessness, which came to light only because of the exalted position of the two men concerned. It is clear that the storm of protest which these and other less notorious cases provoked has led to a considerable improvement in the attitude of officialdom towards those who do us the honour of wishing to enter our country. Now the relaxation of the narrow and utterly unjustifiable rules concerning the 'self-supporting' and the 'close relatives' marks a further inroad on the establishment of illiberality and stupidity.

The Sick Child

This week's petition to parliament to reprieve Queen Mary's Hospital for Children raises an important issue for the Health Service. This hospital has a national, and an international, reputation as one of the great pediatric institutions. It trains one in every six of the pediatric nurses in this country, and has a queue of student nurses waiting to be accepted for training as well as a constant flow of nurses from abroad. The proposal is to close it as a hospital for physically sick children (in order that its buildings may be used for other hospital purposes) and to disperse its patients and functions into children's wards in general hospitals. It is, of course, the job of the Ministry of Health, as of the local hospital board, to see that hospital accommodation is used to the best advantage; and Queen Mary's has a third of its 700 beds unoccupied – partly because of the fact that more children are being treated in general hospitals, but mainly because our children are healthier. But the purely logistical arguments for closing the hospital call in question the whole future of children's hospitals. There are powerful arguments for their retention. Children and adults are not in the same category even when they are sick. In a hospital like Queen Mary's everyone from the doorkeeper to the most eminent specialist is 'child-minded'. Moreover, there is the question of education: Queen Mary's has 40 teachers devoting themselves to the education of children who are in for long terms. In recent years there has been a reaction against 'segregated hospitals'. Labour Party opinion has strongly supported the general hospital. This has been mainly due to a medical 'apartheid' between the physically and mentally sick, and to the need for a more enlightened social attitude towards mental illness which would be better served by integration into the general hospital. But the Royal College of Physicians and the great weight of medical opinion supports the case for special pediatric hospitals, both in the interests of the child patients and of the training of medical and nursing staff. Their arguments are bound to carry weight in this particular instance. Whatever the value of the general principle of integration, the treatment of the child would seem to be a special case.

Thinking Machines

The least probable international conference of the year has been held this week at Teddington – on the Mechanisation of Thought Processes. To call existing digital computers 'electronic brains' is misleading, because they boggle at any problem which cannot be reduced to simple arithmetic. For anything resembling automatic intellect, new machines are needed which can imitate what we call common sense and intuition; and the scientists are now in a position to construct such machines. The pioneering work of Uttley, Taylor, Ross Ashby, Pask and others in this country has created machines that can learn by their mistakes, make sense of their environment and imitate animal nervous systems so well that the inventor is often unable to say precisely how they work. But the most ambitious schemes are to be found in the United States. Revolutionary developments in electronic techniques, at present in hand at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, mean that a few years hence it should be possible to construct a compact machine with 10,000 million units equivalent to animal brain cells. The direct application of thinking machines of this kind must surely transform the intellectual world. Already the Ministry of National Insurance wants a thinking machine to cope with incorrectly completed claims forms – at present a tiresome job for intelligent clerks. But the thinking machine may eventually come into its own on higher planes of learning. Sharing the computer's ability to handle large amounts of information very quickly, it should be able, as has been predicted at Teddington this week, to discover new laws in economics and in science itself. Perhaps scientists will then have time on their hands to ponder philosophical statements made by the machines – such as *cogito ergo sum*.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

De Gaulle and Liberty!

Our Paris Correspondent writes: 'For the second time, the French have said "Yes" to General de Gaulle' – this, M. Le Pelletier, Minister of the Interior, told the assembled journalists was the lesson of the first ballot of the elections. But is it? On 28 September, the General asked every Frenchman to vote for him. Last Sunday, he not only refused to endorse any candidate or any political formation whatsoever, he also asked candidates to refrain from using his name – even adjectively. A sceptical observer may therefore legitimately ask whether the astonishing success of the French Right last week-end is really going to reinforce the position, let alone facilitate the tasks, of de Gaulle. Next week, he will be confronted with an Assembly composed largely of deputies committed to the concept of *Algérie française*, among whom men such as Jacques Soustelle and the notorious Colonel Thomazo will set the pace. Any opposition on the left has been virtually wiped out. In this respect, the defeat of Pierre Mendès-France in his own stronghold of Louviers, where he had been regularly elected mayor and deputy since 1932, is symbolic. All the other non-Communist candidates who campaigned for peace in Algeria – including left-wing Gaullists such as Colonel Barberot and the fighter-ace Pierre Clostermann – have been rejected by the electorate. Looking at the uniformly depressing results, one can only conclude that the men of 13 May have succeeded in intoxicating France with their Wagnerian myth of glory, and that those who attempted to expose them have failed to gain a hearing. Even the Communist Party which, ever since 1944, has managed, through thick and thin, to conserve and even extend its working-class vote, has lost 1.5 million of its 1956 electors. To be sure, with 19 per cent. of the total, it remains the largest single party in France; but, under the workings of the run-off ballot system, it will be lucky to secure as many as 30 seats.

Indeed, the massive swing to the right removes any real interest from the second ballot this week-end. In most constituencies, it will simply be a haggle between candidates who, under varying party-tickets, are pledged to the same policy. Whether they are patronised by Soustelle, Pinay or even Mollet, they stand merely for nuances of the same right-wing trend. It remains to be seen, however, whether the new Assembly will, in fact, play a formative or merely a consultative role in shaping French policy. So far, de Gaulle has refused to commit himself to a policy of integration in Algeria. Indeed, immediately before the voting, he appeared to be anxious to show his leanings towards a liberal solution by awarding, in a spectacular fashion, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour to François Mauriac – a man whom the Algerian *colons* loathe almost as much as Mendès-France. But after Sunday's overwhelming endorsement of the right, can he continue to refuse their demands? Will he bow to the opinions of the new Assembly, or will he take advantage of the special powers with which the new constitution has invested him to overrule it? The mere fact that this question is now being asked reveals the extraordinary paradox in which France finds itself.

NEXT WEEK

Christmas Books—2

Another enlarged book section

New York

Democrats and Dixiecrats

The first post-election meeting of the Democratic National Committee, on 6 December, should indicate something of what lies ahead for the party, for the Administration, and for the South. Paul M. Butler, who presided over last month's victory, has served notice that he will continue as national chairman, assuming he is asked to, only if the committee agrees with his position on civil rights. In the past few months he has been making that position so plain that anguished southerners have urged him and all his kind to secede from the party, a suggestion that clearly strikes Butler as a proposal to remove the patient in order to accommodate his appendix. At the height of the campaign, when few Democrats cared to dwell on the divisive issue of integration, he raised the slogan of 'no compromise' and publicly contemplated Democrats walking out of the 1960 convention.

A principled, emotional, and far from diplomatic man, Mr Butler is too removed in

nature from the typical politician to be very popular in the party – he has alienated city bosses in the north as well as southern segregationists – but recent events have considerably strengthened his position. The great Democratic sweep, particularly in the west, has made it likelier than ever before that the party can win national elections in spite of sizeable southern defections, as it did narrowly in 1948. More to the point, the swelling of the liberal Democratic group in Congress has evidently made some of the southerners fear that those who walk out on the party in future elections will remain on the outside when the plums are being distributed.

The first big chance to drive this lesson home, ten years ago, was lost because Democrats who felt strongly on the subject were neither organised nor strong enough to overcome the inclination of others to let bygones be bygones and resume the posture of unity. As a result, members who had reviled the party ticket all through the campaign and put up a rival slate of their own arrogantly reclaimed and received their committee posts and positions of party domination when it was over, just as though they had never left the flock.

Belief that this pleasant arrangement may be doomed is evident in current southern reactions to the Butler challenge. There is anger but no threat of another walkout and no third-party talk at all. On the contrary, Senator Smathers of Florida says candidly that a third party would be 'a futile dead-end street for us' and 'completely hopeless'. Senator Robertson of Virginia contents himself with the defensive comment that it is 'a little too early for the left-wingers to throw the South out of the party on the grounds that they can win without us'. And Governor Faubus has no more intention of leaving the party than the albatross had of abandoning the Ancient Mariner.

Behind this change from the 1948 strategy is the simple fact that Capitol Hill is now the last great bastion of the South's political power. Because of the seniority system, its representatives still have a firm grip on the important committees. Much of the party's congressional machinery is in its hands. And in the Senate at least it still enjoys the paralysing exercise of the filibuster. Even this veto power will be seriously threatened in January, however, and diehards like Senator Russell of Georgia are already preparing to settle for a meaningless retreat. If the victory is to be more than that, northerners will have to overcome not so much the obduracy of the hard-pressed segregationists as the smooth compromising talents of Senator Lyndon Johnson, the Henry Clay of Texas.

ROBERT BENDINER

Westminster

55 Broadway

'No standing on buses. No sitting on tubes. They hold their inquiries and don't listen to the answers. They just put up the bloody fares and cut down the bloody services.' The irritation of the passenger, straphanging on the Bakerloo even at 11 o'clock in the morning, standing in rainswept queues even at 11 o'clock at night, at least equals the irritation of the busmen, driving interminably through London's traffic-strangled streets for a wage which is too unattractive to fill the many vacancies. Neither passenger nor busman cares to hear, what is probably the truth, that the public transport service in London is still the best in the world. They merely repeat 'London Transport is a bloody mess'; and they are right. London Transport is a mess, and will soon be a worse mess, through no fault of its own. For by Act of Parliament it has both to be a public service *and* to pay its way; and, in the situation which has developed and is still developing around it, it can either provide a public service or it can pay its way, but it cannot do both.

Since the war, the number of passengers has been falling steadily. Between 1951 and 1957, for example, central road services passengers dropped from 3,552 million to 2,841 million and tube passengers from 7,020 million to 6,650 million; and the drop would have been even more spectacular but for petrol rationing during the Suez crisis which kept many private motorists off the road. Since this year's strike bus passengers have dropped a further eight per cent. There are two main reasons for this. One is television. People who might otherwise go out to the cinemas, public houses or even political meetings and so make short journeys by bus or tube during the off-peak hours, are now tending to stay at home. The other is the increase in the number of private cars – there were 1,312,000 registered vehicles in the London area in 1957 compared with 647,000 in 1951. A private concern would probably meet this situation by eliminating unprofitable services and skimming the traffic cream. A public service, even if it wanted to, is prevented by regulation from doing this wholeheartedly. London Transport has cut its services and announces further cuts this week; but these cuts amount to only three per cent. on the underground since 1951, compared with the seven per cent. drop in traffic, and to 24 per cent. on the buses, compared with the traffic drop which is now 28 per cent. It has tried to bridge the gap between receipts and rising costs by putting up fares; but there are limits set to such increases both by public regulation and by the law of diminishing returns. Incidentally, the increase in fares – 145 per cent. compared with pre-war – is still well below the increase of 174 per cent. in the general retail price index.

In spite of these difficulties, both tubes and road services make an operating profit – last year the tubes made just under £2 million and the buses just over £3½ million; but between them they have to find £5½ million each year in interest on capital taken over from the old undertakings. The buses, whose share of the interest charges is only £1.3 million (against an operating profit which, in 1956, was £2½ million and which, in 1957, exceeded £3½ million) can do this and show a net profit. But the tubes, with interest charges of £4.2 million to meet out of an operating profit around the £2 million mark, cannot; and London Transport as a whole is therefore consistently showing a net loss.

Bus passengers may well resent curtailed services – and busmen may well resent refusals of pay increases – when they know that the buses, on their own, could pay their way, maintain services and pay higher wages. But if the underground were left on its own, it would certainly have to raise fares and so drive at least some passengers back to the surface. And that, given the increasing congestion of traffic on the surface, must surely be contrary to the public interest. So it seems clear that parliament, having saddled London Transport with an impossible task, will have to think again; and the occasion for this new thinking may come on the project for building the new tube from Victoria, through Green Park and King's Cross, to Walthamstow. This is urgently needed to meet the changes in the pattern of traffic which have developed since the last entirely new tube was tunnelled some 50 years ago. But it would cost £50 million to build and could never, in the most favourable circumstances, pay its way. Its construction, though relieving much congestion, would only add to the loss which London Transport is now sustaining. It will not be built unless parliament in some way varies London Transport's obligations. Indeed, unless parliament does this London Transport will have to cut services still further and refuse further wage demands – or else increase its losses.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

True to Type

It is unlikely that any keen student of the press was given many surprises in Fleet Street's perception of *The Future Labour Offers You*: you did not need even a tiny crystal ball to guess who was going to say what. Everyone ran true to form. As far as the content of the document, that is; as regards its format and presentation even the most hardened ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer – in their news columns at any rate. Leader writers are more disciplined men. 'The Socialist Party Brings Out a Slap-up Job to Plug Their Policy', said the *Express* – no mean judge of production jobs – in a headline. 'This,' it declared, 'is the glossiest job any party in this country has ever put out. It sets a new and costly standard'. 'The "slickest" effort ever produced by any party', said the *Daily Telegraph* – though it devoted the lead of its report to excited conjecture as to how much in hard cash the operation was likely to cost. There was, in fact, for once little disagreement on this particular point even between *The Times* and the *Mirror*. *The Times* announced that this pamphlet showed that, like General Booth, the Labour Party had no intention of leaving the Devil 'in exclusive possession of the best tunes'. Under a streamer heading across its two centre pages, 'They are all Excited About Labour's Best Seller', the *Mirror* declared 'The sparkling black and green glossy cover with a three-colour thumbprint index makes it the most striking political pamphlet ever produced'. And even the *Daily Sketch* could not but exclaim: 'the slickest and glossiest pamphlet of the lot'.

This willing or unwilling tribute to technical excellence having been given, the leader writers took a cool drink and got down to doing what had to be done. This was not a time for any painful excercise in ratiocination, this was one of the occasions when all good men must come to the aid of the party, and when, if you slipped a nice clean sheet of copy paper in the editorial typewriter, you could more or less leave it to do the job on its own. In fact, one rather suspects some of them did. According to expectation, therefore, the *Daily Telegraph* found the pamphlet 'Socialist', this, of course, in the *Telegraph* vocabulary is not a descriptive adjective but a dirty word – 'out of date' and 'unpopular'. Nor is anyone likely to offer any prizes to any *Express* reader who guessed in advance that careful and objective examination by 'Opinion' would show the pamphlet to consist of 'the old doctrines. . . . restriction on this, interference with that'. Nor are any raised eyebrows or loud gasps of surprise likely to follow from the *Daily Mail's* discovery that the document is 'prosy and unoriginal' and that the 'half-baked' policies contained in it would 'inflict the maximum harm on the country'. Or the *Daily Sketch's* revelation that it is 'the same old dreamy plan for the Faceless State'. Or, for that matter, the *Herald's* news that this is good news for all – or, while we are about it, the *Daily Worker's* dis-

closure that it is 'Pinker Than Pinkness' and offers no means 'of dealing with the realities of the present'. Nor, one suspects, will the judgment of *The Times* cause astonishment to any but the unsophisticated. This was that although the pamphlet was attractive on the outside the contents were 'shallow' and that 'the Conservatives have a more comprehensible political philosophy at present'.

To turn to the less wholly committed has, on occasions such as these, the attraction of leaving a high road with traffic lights for a side street which may end up anywhere. As often happens, the road signposted *News Chronicle* meandered somewhat this way and that before reaching its destination, but the final conclusion was 'the core of all is expansion. It is on this that the programme depends. There *must* be increased productivity and the expansion must be controlled'. But it considered that for non-Socialists 'one question over-rides all the others. How on earth are all the promises to be paid for in cash?' The pamphlet's answer, the *News Chronicle* noted, was by higher productivity. It accepted the force of this but considered that 'This indirect answer will not satisfy everyone: the question is one that each elector must face'. The *Manchester Guardian* gave more space to the pamphlet than any other newspaper: a double column lead on its front page explaining what was in it, a leader just over a column in length to passing judgment. The *Manchester Guardian's* summing up was 'a mild document but none the worse for that . . . it is comfortable and reassuring with no dark hints that anyone may be upset by what Labour does. . . . Labour has learned a lot since 1955 and little of its policy now has a nasty taste.' Not perhaps the ultimate in praise – but rank treason in a large part of Fleet Street.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Berlin or Bust

IN general, the West is inclined to give Soviet diplomacy more credit than its due. We are so mesmerised by the image of the master-strategists in the Kremlin, constantly probing the West's weaknesses, switching the tension point now to this sector, now to that, always retaining the initiative, and inexorably gaining ground among the 'uncommitted peoples', that we tend to overlook their mistakes. A visit to Berlin is a sharp corrective to the doctrine of Soviet diplomatic infallibility. Berlin is the symbol and the cause of the failure of Russia's German policy.

Lord Randolph forgot Goschen: Stalin forgot Berlin. When the war ended, he was presented with a matchless opportunity to remodel central Europe in a manner which would have solved Russia's security problem once and for all. Thanks to the mystifying reluctance of the Anglo-US armies to press home their military advantage in early 1945, Russia was permitted to establish herself firmly in the heart of Germany and thus acquire the physical means to impose a German solution in accordance with her own interests. Stalin could have implemented the Morgenthau Plan to split the country into impotent fragments; he might equally have opted for a quadripartite guarantee that Germany remain neutral and demilitarised in perpetuity. But obsessed by his pre-nuclear principle that territory, once acquired, should never be relinquished, and determined to create Communist regimes, however unnatural or unwelcome, wherever it was possible to do so, he chose a third solution: to construct a Communist satellite in the agricultural East, thus presenting his enemies with the opportunity to create their satellite in the industrial West. He lost a bishop to gain a pawn.

Indeed, it soon became a moot point whether even the pawn was well and truly gained. Without Berlin, the Pankow regime might have been viable; and it may be that Stalin, gazing at the rubble, believed that Berlin could never again become a factor in world affairs. If so, he gravely underestimated the capacity of western capitalism to put on a good show. Out of the smouldering fragments of the old western districts of Berlin has arisen a fabulous chrome and plate-glass shanty-town which stands out like a glittering Christmas tree amid the grimy darkness of Herr Ulbricht's kingdom. East Berliners, gazing longingly at the lights to the west, receive daily a powerful dose of anti-Communist propaganda.

With this running ulcer in its vitals, the Pankow regime never stood a chance. In any case, Stalin, having decided to set up a Communist system, robbed it of any hope of success by enforcing savage reparations. His successors brought them to an end early in 1954, and since then they have made spasmodic attempts to lend Herr Ulbricht a helping hand. But the fact is, the division of Germany and the existence of the Pankow regime presents them with a fundamental dilemma. If, in the interests of overall Soviet strategy, they opt for a genuine settlement in Germany, involving reunification, neutrality and arms control, they must abandon Pankow. Alternatively, if Moscow continues to maintain Pankow, it must reconcile itself to the emergence of an ever more powerful West Germany and must abandon the attempt to get a security settlement in central Europe.

Stalin's successors have never really decided between these harsh alternatives. Molotov's pro-

'Don't you think this joke has gone a bit too far . . . ?'

posals at the Berlin conference, the plan for an All-German Council and the two Rapacki plans show that they might still be prepared, in certain circumstances, to choose the first. But in the absence of any western response whatsoever, they have naturally gravitated towards the second. Indeed, it may seem to them the lesser evil. The events of 1956 suggested that the satellite empire stood or fell as a whole. A surrender in Pankow could lead to a series of capitulations in eastern Europe and the Balkans. Since 1956, moreover, they have invested a great deal of money in East Germany; living standards there are slowly rising; and Ulbricht's claim that he can equal West German *per capita* production by 1961, though exaggerated, may not seem so fantastically unreal in three years' time. The country's economy is now being 'specialised' to fit in with the overall economic planning of the Soviet bloc; and its loss would be more than one of prestige.

But even if the Soviet leaders decide, once and for all, to put their money on Pankow, they still have to deal with Berlin. It is against this background that the present crisis should be seen. For Berlin is not merely a propaganda post; it is a gaping hole through which East German technology and talent is draining away to the West. Through it, nearly two million East Germans have already migrated to the Federal Republic; and the drift continues at the rate of 4,000 a week – 200,000 a year. Until a year or so ago, this was causing little apparent concern in Pankow; the East German leaders argued that the emigrants were 'bourgeois remnants', 'enemies of society', the sick and the halt who could not keep up the brisk pace of a dynamic young state. But since 1956, and particularly in the last year, the quality of the emigrants has undergone a dramatic change. They now include an ever-rising proportion of doctors, dentists, engineers, civil servants, teachers and skilled workers of every type; what is more, many of them are post-war graduates, brought up in the pattern and tradition of the regime. No one, least of all the ramshackl East German regime, can afford to lose cadres on this scale. Somehow or other, if the regime is to survive, the Berlin gap must be closed. For Pankow, it is Berlin or bust.

But how? It is here that Soviet policy becomes more and more mysterious. Granted – and everyone is agreed on this point – that Russia is in no circumstances prepared to risk war; granted also that the blockade will not be resumed, it is difficult to see what pressure can be brought to bear to obtain an Allied withdrawal, other than subjecting us to a series of mild irritants. It may be that Soviet diplomacy is purely empirical and that, having probed the initial western reactions, Moscow may allow the offensive to peter out. But sooner or later, a choice will have to be made. Either the Iron Curtain will have to be clamped down in Berlin itself – a physical task of great magnitude, which runs counter to the current policy of fostering economic contacts between the two Germanys – or Moscow will have to cut its losses and try to bargain away the Pankow regime against some sort of security pact.

It is probably, though not certainly, within the power of the West to dictate the Soviet choice. We can stand firm in Berlin, accepting the real, if limited, risks this involves; but if we do so we must recognise that we are abandoning, perhaps for ever, the hope of reunifying Germany. Alternatively, we can re-open talks with Russia on the European security problem. If we do so, we shall find, I believe, a very willing – and slightly anxious – audience. It is not often the West faces Russia with most of the trump cards in its hands.

Berlin PAUL JOHNSON

The Challenge from the East

WE cannot ignore the real Communist challenge. As things are now going, before long the Communist countries will outproduce a stagnant West and, by example even more than by help, will conquer the strategically vital uncommitted areas, especially India. Already their technical help and aid in capital has been steadily increasing. It will go on increasing by leaps and bounds as Russian – and now Chinese – output grows.

The remarkable expansion in the Soviet Union comes after a terrible crisis in 1956 due to muddled planning and muddled thinking. The Russians did not use their overwhelming economic power to create a well-balanced economic system in eastern Europe. Understandably, since they had suffered huge losses in the war, the Russians used all their energies to restore their own economic system first: it was essential from a Communist point of view that their economy should be restored as quickly as possible. In their eagerness to obtain supplies under the guise either of reparations or favourable trade agreements, they exerted such pressure on their satellites that the reconstruction of eastern Europe became much more difficult; this process aroused bitter opposition in the countries they dominated. In addition, the Stalinist planners in the post-war period were everywhere ruthlessly and thoughtlessly imitating the Russian industrial example without having either the immense national resources or the powers of compulsion which enabled the Russians to carry out their plans. The plains, the woods and mountains of central Europe are strewn with gigantic structures which could not be completed or, when completed, could not produce economically. As soon as the Stalinist grip relaxed, consumption had to be increased in the satellite countries. The Soviet Union has even been forced in the past two years to lend substantial sums to its satellites instead of being able to draw on their productive capacity. In Poland, the violent reaction against state planning has now resulted in experiments in free markets which are likely to impair productivity.

In the last year, however, the Soviet grip has tightened again; the return to forced investment is beginning to show results. Production in Czechoslovakia and Hungary is increasing, and in Bulgaria, for the first time, there has been a considerable improvement in the standard of life. The development of the Soviet industrial economy has also continued at an undiminished, if not higher, rate than in previous years. Production in industry has been increasing at over ten per cent. per annum, which contrasts sharply with our own two per cent. since 1952 or even Germany's eight per cent. up to 1957, and with the stagnation here and in the US since then. There seems to have been a considerable increase in agricultural output, too, as the result of the ruthless concentration of the youth on the 'virgin lands' of Siberia. While the immense backlog in urban investment, and in transport – both of which absorb much capital – will clearly prevent an acceleration of the increase in Soviet productive power, there is no reason to foresee any considerable decline. Moreover, the Russians could eventually use their accumulating industrial productive power to obtain food and agricultural raw materials by selling manufactured goods – the case of tin and aluminium shows what damage they could do to western economies if they set out to secure the benefits of the international division of labour.

The vital change of the last year or so has, however, been the Chinese advance in investment and production. It is this factor which is likely to change the balance of the world, as it has already clearly changed the balance within the Soviet system. The basic principle behind the Chinese industrial and agricultural revolution is very simple: it is the direct mobilisation of idle or unemployed manpower for investment mainly in transport and agriculture, without, initially, any increase in consumption. No democratic or totalitarian government has in the past found a way to exploit effectively the large peasant under-employment. In all other instances efforts at development have led to inflation and sharp cuts in development plans. It is obvious that the government which could succeed in solving this problem would reap an immense, immediate advantage, and it might achieve dominance among the underdeveloped areas, both intellectually and politically. Something of this type seems to have happened in China, with extraordinary results. These developments are based on the establishment of economic co-operatives forcefully directed from the centre and capable of doing whatever the Communist leadership thinks is needed to mobilise the relatively unemployed mass of Chinese rural workers.

It is, of course, necessary to take all figures with some scepticism. China, like India, is vast, and there is no doubt that a great many of the available statistics must be the result of estimates rather than detailed statistical investigation. There can be no doubt, however, that the Chinese, working in a sociological background which was far more favourable to the establishment of a planned economy than the Russians had, have almost completely eliminated underemployment. They have used manpower for investment in works which most western observers would have judged impossible to perform without heavy mechanised equipment. (The reliance by India on highly complex imported mechanical equipment has been one of the main causes of her exchange crisis, which imposed a cut in the second five-year plan, and threatens the third.)

It seems that scores of millions of people have been mobilised for various works. The irrigated acreage has apparently been extended by something over 20 million hectares; the increase in the use of fertiliser seems remarkable. Billions of cubic yards of earth have been moved. Trees have been planted in tens of thousands of square miles – more afforestation than the rest of the world put together. Most of China's crops are threatened by floods caused by the continuous rise of the bed of the Yellow River: this is due to the immense quantities of earth carried by it from the mountains. Moreover, a large part of the Chinese industrial plans is based on storing the waters of the Yellow River and the Yangtze for the generation of electricity. This is not possible so long as erosion continues, for silt fills the dam basins. Afforestation will solve this problem. The summer crop, despite the inclement weather conditions, seems to have increased by a staggering proportion – the Chinese claim by more than a half. The total amount of food in production rose by a sixth. The increase represents something of the order of magnitude achieved by India during the whole of the first five-year plan.

Nor is this all. While the main forces of reconstruction centred on agriculture, a completely new development has taken place in creating rural industries. During the war, some foreign experts had occasion to admire the Chinese ingenuity in

producing small arms, ammunition and tools with barely more than their hands. This skill has now been put systematically at the disposal of the rural reconstruction, and carried through in conditions which would hardly be tolerated by anybody but the Chinese. In consequence, vast increases have taken place in the supply of tools and equipment which in turn have helped form the rural revolution. As in these matters it is always the first steps which count, there can be little doubt that this process will gather increasing momentum.

In the same way there has been a successful effort to establish small-scale industry, even in those fields of manufacture which are traditionally reserved for heavy equipment. No doubt statistics must be treated with some reservations in this respect too. But whatever is thought of the actual figures, their order of magnitude seems incontestable and awe-inspiring. Coal production rose from some 63 million tons to 130 million tons in 1957 (this alone is double the end target of the second plan for India). In 1958 it is said to have risen to about 200 million tons. In 1959 it is planned to exceed 300 million. Steel production is expected to jump from 5.3 million tons in 1957 to over ten million tons. Machine-tool output has increased in the same proportions. Indeed, the Chinese experiment must now be regarded as far more significantly revolutionary in its scope, and far more interesting for the future of poor areas, than the Soviet development, however impressive that may have been; and the increase in both employment and output has been far more rapid than in Russia (or, of course, in India).

What has been the response of the western world to these revolutionary developments? Has it, at long last, been realised that only a determined concentration on economic and social betterment can save us from being undermined from within, from losing the race of competitive co-existence in the most vital areas of the world? The answers to these questions are unfortunately negative. Up to 1955 there was a period of steady and hopeful advance, both in the well-to-do industrial countries of the west, and in the underdeveloped economies. But that progress has been checked, wilfully, by the return of the US and Britain to dogmatic monetary policies as a means of combating inflation—a process which has led to a decline in investment and output in the industrial economies and to falling incomes for the primary producers overseas. Thus, on the one hand, the industrial growth of the West has slowed down, just when it should be increasingly rapid, and, on the other, serious difficulties have been created in Asia and Africa at the very moment when these areas have become the target of Soviet economic policy. Nor is this all. In the 'dash to freedom', the Sterling Area—and, consequently, Britain's bargaining position in relation to Europe—has been weakened. There may be a trading area, with unified tariffs and some rudimentary beginnings of a common economic policy, but Britain will either be left out or forced to go in on unfavourable terms. Either way, our influence will be weakened.

Unless the drift to stagnation is reversed, and unless the West learns how to manage a new phase of expansion, the outlook is sombre. The contrast between such stagnation, which has such an impact on the strategically vital poor areas in Asia, especially India, with the industrial and agricultural transformation of China, will make the maintenance of democratic systems impossible in the weaker countries. The combination of preaching freedom and demanding cuts in development programmes, in fact, means the encouragement of hopeless—because hopelessly negative—military dictatorships. If their social and economic record contrasts too unfavourably with the material achievements of the Communist world, all resistance to a totalitarian solution of their problems will be worn away.

The talk about the danger of outside subversion and the obsession with the task of purely military resistance to Communism combined with a deflationary policy, which has been spreading increasingly of late, has been the real cause of western weakness. Unless it is speedily reconsidered, the gradual defeat of the West is inevitable. It is the activities of the western finance ministers and economic leaders which really subvert the non-Communist orbit. Instead of encouraging consumption in the already rich countries, the leading non-Communist states ought to revert to the wartime plans of rescuing the uncommitted areas from an economic decline, and at the same time seek a solution to the problem of price stability without creating unemployment. Reliance on monetary mystique and 'free' markets has reduced the relative strength of the non-Communist countries sufficiently for Mr Krushchev to be able to contemplate with some assurance the time, not too distant, when he can outstrip Britain and begin to approach American productivity.

THOMAS BALOGH

London Diary

WHO could have predicted six weeks ago that a concise summary of Labour Party policy would be front-page news in every London newspaper? True enough, all this was not entirely due to the intrinsic merits of the policy expounded in *The Future Labour Offers You*. Late on Monday evening, with his unerring sense of the erratic, Lord Hailsham intervened and gave the pamphlet a priceless and entirely unsolicited injection of free publicity. He had been quick to notice two cartoons, one by Zec and the other by Vicky, which are neatly folded into it and have written on their back the words, 'Cut out this cartoon and keep it for use as a poster when the time comes.' Lord Hailsham is not a lawyer for nothing, and he at once made a lengthy statement to the press on the grave legal issues raised under the Representation of the People Act. In so doing, he gave to the pamphlet that news angle for which many people in Transport House had been vainly seeking for weeks on end before publication. Bad publicity from Lord Hailsham is not only better than no publicity; it is the best publicity possible for a Labour Party pamphlet. I am willing to admit that, at least on this occasion, Messrs Colman, Prentis and Varley, who are paid to advise the Conservative Party on public relations, were not at hand to give their professional advice to the dynamic chairman.

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When the last word has been said on the finish, cover, design, layout and style of *The Future Labour Offers You*, I shall be interested to hear what people think of the policy it contains. Now that the verbiage of those 12 solid booklets has been cut back, it is possible for the first time to see that the trees do really form a wood and to judge the pattern which has emerged as the result of three years of re-thinking. What strikes me is that this new Socialism has been shaped by two men whose names are largely unknown to the general public. They are Dr Thomas Balogh and Professor Richard Titmuss. Balogh is the Galbraith of British economics, and for years has been pungently pointing out the evils of ostentatious waste and industrial stagnation. But, unlike his American counterpart, he has been able to proceed from negative criticism of the affluent society to the positive concept of planned expansion which is the central idea of the new Socialism.

Richard Titmuss is already known as the fountain-head from which national superannuation sprang. But he is much more than that, and I rate him as the true successor to R. H. Tawney. It was his disciples, Brian Abel-Smith and Peter Townsend, who contributed the two most constructive essays to *Conviction*; and, if these three had had their way, the critique of old-age pensions would have been expanded to cover the whole of the social services. In that case the Labour Party would have gone to the country with a far more arresting and thorough-going programme of fiscal and social reform. From their backrooms at Balliol and the LSE, Balogh and Titmuss must be looking with some anxiety to see whether their vision will survive the inevitable transmogrification which occurs when an idea is given political reality. But they can be sure of one thing. In this generation they have shown once again something which was proved between the wars by such men as Leonard Woolf, R. H. Tawney and G. D. H. Cole. The ideas which provide the dynamic of politics are created, not by practical politicians, but by academics, determined to cleave to principles and face the real difficulties, however awkward that may prove.

* * *

At last this week-end I managed to finish reading *Doctor Zhivago*—and began to comprehend the significance of a strange episode which occurred when I was visiting Moscow last August. Anxious to discuss copyright, as well as Anglo-Soviet cultural relations, I had asked to see Comrade Surkov, the loud-voiced proletarian poet who runs the Writers' Union. I was told that he could not spare more than half an hour. Actually, we spent five hours together, and for most of the time I listened to a laboured defence of the ban on Pasternak's novel, for which Surkov admitted he himself was chiefly responsible. He started by saying to me, 'Many people thought we had changed cars at the 20th Congress. Quite wrong. We threw out some luggage, but we are still travelling in the same car. Under Stalin there was a tendency to whitewash, and it was in reaction against this that Pasternak wrote *Doctor Zhivago*. We are refusing to print it because the aim of this novel is to show the revolution was a crime against Russia.' I then asked, 'Why can't you trust your fellow Russians to read Pasternak and condemn him?' Surkov replied, 'In your bourgeois society, so-called freedom is conceded not only to Shakespeare and Graham Greene but to pornography. We see nothing immoral about forbidding publishers to print horror comics or damaging novels. Pasternak is a peculiar fellow. Some of his most distinguished colleagues tried to persuade him that the end of the novel was wrong, but he wouldn't accept their advice. Officially, he is a member of our union, but spiritually he is anti-social, a lone wolf.' I remarked that many of the greatest writers were a bit peculiar—Nietzsche, for instance. At this Surkov shook his fist and shouted, 'Yes, and we would have banned Nietzsche and in that way prevented the rise of Hitlerism.' Anxious to get away for a lunch engagement, I remarked that I had been dragged into an argument about a book which I had never read, to which Surkov angrily replied, 'But *Doctor Zhivago* is notorious. Everyone is talking about it!' 'Everyone in Moscow', I said—and from the faces of the officials I saw I had scored a point.

There is no doubt that – at least until the Nobel Prize award – support for Pasternak was growing among Soviet writers. Yet what astounds me, now that I have read *Doctor Zhivago*, is that anyone, inside or outside Russia, ever seriously believed that it could be published under a Communist regime – and that goes for Belgrade and Warsaw as well as for Moscow. For this tremendous, ramshackle novel – which starts in starry poetic fragments and ends in spiritual disintegration – is the protest of an other-worldly Christian quietist against the whole idea that the human spirit can be liberated or human nature improved by man-made institutions. Compared with it, Milovan Djilas's *New Class* is a piece of Erastian Marxism. I can well see that Comrade Surkov and the editors of *Novy Mir* must have asked themselves what kind of book could still be banned once Pasternak's novel was allowed to circulate freely in the Soviet Union. That a Russian author should have dared to write *Doctor Zhivago*, that the possibility of publishing it should have been debated for months, that the decision to ban it was taken reluctantly and defended without conviction – all this seems to me not a proof of Russian wickedness, but an immensely encouraging sign of the new climate which has been developing since Stalin's death.

* * *

Mr Macmillan is the kind of Premier who enjoys covering up for any Cabinet colleague that drops a clanger. But apparently this chivalry does not extend to a back-bencher who has been lynched by his local party, as happened to Nigel Nicolson in East Bournemouth. I wonder how many people noticed Mr Macmillan's remarks on this topic when he was interviewed last Sunday evening on Southern Television by Cyril Ray. Mr Ray asked the Premier what advice he would give to the member for Bournemouth East, in view of his own differences at times with the party leadership. Mr. Macmillan smoothly pointed out that his quarrels had always been with Mr Baldwin and Mr Chamberlain, 'who never made the slightest attempt to interfere with my constituency association'. Mr Ray: 'Then your advice is that it does not matter about falling out with the party leader, provided you don't fall out with the constituency association?' Mr Macmillan: 'Of course'. The more I reflect on this, the more revealing – and shameful – I find it. The Tories of Bournemouth are perfectly entitled to disown Mr Nicolson and select another candidate. But what no respectable party leader could conceivably tolerate are the methods employed by the local bigwigs to prevent Mr Nicolson from discussing his differences with members of the local association. If a constituency Labour Party ever treated its member in this way, it would at once be disciplined. By failing to prevent lynch law being operated in East Bournemouth, Mr Macmillan has given due notice that, so long as he is leader, no Tory MP, in his relations with his constituents, can afford to follow the precepts of Edmund Burke.

* * *

One result of strangers being spied in the Gallery of the Commons was the near-ruin of some bookies last Saturday. At Worcester – which lies to the west of the constituency held by the Honourable Member for Dudley – a relatively unknown horse, Mr Wiggs, was suddenly heavily backed – and won at 7 to 1. This could be passed off as an unrepeatable coincidence until the same thing happened at Wolverhampton (and at 7 to 2) on Monday. Punters are now awaiting a pamphlet entitled *The Future George Wigg Offers You.*

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Mr. S. K. Spokes, a Clipston farmer, told Market Harborough NFU members last night that for the sake of peace he did not believe people in the East should be encouraged to eat beef.

Mr. Spokes said: 'My experience is that to give men plenty of red meat to eat makes them so fit and well that they become almost violent. I think we have enough trouble with the violent people we already have, and I suggest we leave these people to their rice. Let us not aggravate the situation by wanting them to start eating beef.'—*Leicester Mercury.* (J. V. Dexter.)

How can the French expect to attract our tourist trade? This year, at five different French hotels, the tap marked 'C' turned out to be 'H'.

There should be an international colour code. In art, red is considered a warm and blue a cold colour. —Letter in *Evening Chronicle.* (P. M. Stanley.)

The 720ft span of the Clifton suspension bridge, Bristol, now drab maroon, is to be repainted silver-grey. The more cheerful colour, it is believed, may help to reduce the number of Avon Gorge suicides.—*Daily Mail.* (P. Lord.)

I know that sex, as somebody remarked, 'has come to stay,' but can't we forget it sometimes? Every TV play seems to have adultery or a 'girl gets into trouble' theme in it. Our children will grow up with the idea that adults are a mucky lot.—Letter in *Daily Herald.* (G. M. Moger.)

Real Families in a Real World

DISCUSSIONS about the family and divorce irresistibly recall one of the best remarks in Victorian fiction. 'You are so horribly in earnest, Vera,' said Ouida's Lady Dolly to her daughter; 'you should go and live with Mr Gladstone.' The portentous earnestness and ignorance of the social facts of life which most commentators bring to this current theme of social anxiety are as puzzling as Mr Gladstone's own explanation of the fate that befell the Gadarene swine.

There is a prevalent mythology which observes 'the loosening in the relations between the sexes; with the undermining of the oldest, and most essential, of human institutions, the family; the light-hearted marriages and easy divorces; the broken homes, and unhappy and undisciplined children'. It stems from two main sources. On the one hand, there has been an obsessional concentration on morbid conditions. Homosexuality, artificial insemination, divorce and the like attract most of the investigators and all the headlines. There is regrettably little knowledge of the less sophisticated but socially more relevant behaviour of ordinary folk. Representative behaviour is all too often judged by criteria derived from the exceptional. This explains in part the widespread assumption that we are all potential deviants who must be kept under restraint by those who claim the right to tell us how to behave. On the other hand, the picture of disintegrating home life, with its attendant evils, provides convenient confirmation of the parsons' gloomy predictions. In their view of social change, instability is a necessary consequence of declining respect for marriage as a divine institution: religious faith no longer sanctifies the home or sustains the values of family life, which is now being grieviously undermined by the spread of infidelity.

Arguments of this sort invariably point to the remarkable rise in the number of divorces during the last 50 years as evidence of a corresponding wreckage of broken homes. From this it is almost inevitably claimed that respect even for the secular obligations of marriage has been cumulatively weakened. This conclusion now parades in general discussions with all the assurance of a self-evident truth. The 1956 *Report of the Royal Commission on Marriage and Divorce*, for example, gave its authority to the declaration that 'matrimony is not so secure now as it was 100 or even 50 years ago. . . . There is a tendency to take the duties and responsibilities of marriage less seriously than formerly . . . its growth is insidious and endangers the whole stability of marriage'. Such pessimism rests on muddled thinking and a resolute refusal to look at facts. In 1906, there were some 700 petitions for divorce; by 1956, they had climbed to 28,000-odd. Nevertheless, this forty-fold increase affects only an insignificant fraction of the married population. Today 93 out of every hundred marriages do not end in divorce; and, of the seven that do, four will be replaced by new unions contracted by the divorced spouses. Moreover, the divorce rate cannot be used as an index of broken homes. In 1900, more than 90 per cent. of the marriage breakdowns which left a public record were proceedings in magistrates' courts, which enabled poor women to live separate from their husbands but preserved their marriage bonds intact. Only the well-off could afford access to the High Court with its power to remedy matrimonial difficulties by dissolving marriages. Today, full employment and the legal aid scheme have secured equality before the law; and a recent investigation has shown that a manual worker (or his wife) is now statistically as likely as his employer (or his wife) to petition for divorce.

This quite recently acquired capacity of working people to adopt the divorce habits of their financial betters must be set against the background of other significant changes. The expectation of life has increased, with the result that some marriages which, in 1900, were terminated in the cemetery now survive to be dissolved in the divorce court. There has also been a striking increase in the popularity of marriage, and a higher proportion of the population now marries at younger ages than ever before. Thus more people are exposed for longer periods to matrimonial risks. There is no evidence that a higher proportion of marriages break up today than 50 years ago, although there has been a massive increase in *de jure* dissolutions of marriages already broken *de facto*.

The mid-20th century family has also been shaped by other democratic influences which cannot be confined within statistical tabulations. The small family of consciously conceived children has become the common aim of most parents. Women, thus relieved of the debilitating burden of too frequent pregnancies, can more easily participate as equals in a family partnership. Knowledge has helped to substitute enjoyment for furtiveness and shame as the attitude which many men and women now bring to their sexual relations. It was typical of the report of the Royal Commission that it interpreted this destruction of the authoritarian pattern of middle-class Victorian family life as 'exposing marriage to new strains'. Others may judge the new ideals of equal participation to be a source of strength rather than of weakness for the institution of marriage. Against this background, the tediously familiar assertions that the family is disintegrating and more homes than ever before breaking up become meaningless.

The Royal Commission thought its duty was to buttress a crumbling institution. It assumed without evidence that there are causal connections between the ease or difficulty of obtaining a divorce, the actual number of marriage breakdowns and the community's attitude to marriage. Accordingly, its recommendations were designed to halt the trend towards easier divorce, and an opportunity to bring the law into line with mid-20th-century social realities was lost. For this reason the Marriage Law Reform Society has determined on a new public campaign. It seeks first to create an informed public opinion by assembling existing knowledge, by stimulating research and by disseminating its results. It is concerned secondly to promote legislation which will remove the worst evils of the present system.

The principle underlying divorce law is that a 'guilty' spouse must have committed a matrimonial offence (in practice, adultery, desertion or cruelty) against an 'innocent' spouse, who is either untainted by, or able to persuade the court to condone, any such offence. Divorce is, therefore, a legal remedy optionally available to the 'innocent', and a penalty to be suffered by the 'guilty'. If a husband is guilty he must support his ex-wife; if he is innocent his ex-wife must support herself. If both are equally guilty then, subject to the court's discretion, there can be no divorce. Collusion, which arises if the spouses agree that one should petition or the other withhold a just defence, is an absolute bar to divorce.

The retention of the matrimonial offence, in a period when all have access to the High Court and few regulate their marital conduct in accordance with its social and theological presuppositions, results in sordidness, perjury and contingent blackmail. No wonder Lord Asquith once remarked that the granting of divorces was the sort of task that Caligula would have delegated to his horse. No wonder either that the lay public who have resort to this law hold it in contempt. The second great evil arises because the interests of children are not adequately safeguarded – despite last session's private member's bill which secures some improvements. Nobody knows how many young children are annually affected by their parents' divorces; it is probably somewhere between 16,000 and 18,000.

The law will never be respected unless it accords with reality. What little evidence there is indicates that spouses do not seek divorce because their partners commit offences, but because they cannot make their marriages work; and the fact that three-fifths of the divorces occur amongst marriages which have lasted for more than ten years does not suggest an enthusiasm for facile break-ups. The first step towards reform proposed by the Society is, therefore, the substitution of the general ground of breakdown of marriage for the present system of statutory offences. The second is to distinguish the rights and responsibilities of spouses according to their differing family responsibilities. These proposals would permit childless spouses, and those whose children have grown up, who mutually agree that their marriage has broken down to obtain a divorce. This would merely enact the present system, minus its dishonesties and perjuries. Those with children would have to satisfy the court that divorce was in the best interests of the children, and the court would be enabled to exercise a discretion to withhold or grant a decree.

This, or similar, legislation would restore respect for the law in a crucial area of life, by enabling unhappy human beings to sort out their tragic failures within a framework designed to meet the needs of real families in a real world.

O. R. McGREGOR

Buttered Brains

A QUART OF SACK was needed to restore the tissues of Shakespeare's fat comic after his unfortunate experience in a laundry basket at Windsor. While it was being fetched (you will recall) he roundly declared: ' If I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift.'

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The Pier at Stroma

In the autumn of 1934, together with 33 boys and girls, I entered the secondary department of Campbeltown Grammar School. Today, 24 years later, only four of our original number remain in Campbeltown earning their living. That, by any estimation, illustrates the problem of Highland depopulation.

Campbeltown, incidentally, is a town of several thousand inhabitants situated near the Mull of Kintyre some 120 miles by road from Glasgow. The last point is important. No railway, no regular all-year steamship service connects it with the outside world. From that you gather the isolation of the place. My classmates and I are a microcosm of depopulation; a tiny yet easily discernible group, showing all the symptoms and manifestations of this great sprawling nightmare of a problem.

Not, of course, that our leaving Campbeltown differs in any way from the departure of tens of thousands of other boys and girls born and brought up in similar isolated places scattered throughout the Highlands and Islands. We are interesting simply as a very small, very typical group, part of a well-defined pattern, the weaving of which has been going on without stop for more than a century.

We are the people who make mock of the millions poured into the Highlands by successive governments in their frantic, yet wellnigh futile, efforts to stop depopulation. Many of us would do anything rather than return permanently to the place of our birth; a few would politely refuse the fare if one offered to pay their way back on a sentimental journey simply to look at the old place. We who have moved out, when we do think about depopulation – and the majority of us never give the problem a thought – find ourselves amused by the expression, 'drift from the Highlands,' so loved by nationalists, patriots and politicians.

To accuse us of merely drifting from the Highlands does us an injustice. The very opposite is true. Instead of drifting, our going was carefully calculated; it was part of a preconceived plan. From our tenderest years parents and teachers encouraged us to go, particularly, we were continually told, if we wanted to get on in the world – and what Highlander ever wanted to do otherwise? The heroes of our early days were not the story-book heroes of urban boys and girls. We were taught to admire and to emulate older brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins, the great army of Highlanders gone furth of Scotland to achieve, if not fame, then certainly an immensely greater degree of fortune than that possessed by our stay-at-home relations.

Taking a quick look around today I find that most of my old classmates have lived up to the best Highland tradition. They have got on. There is the visiting lecturer at the University of California, the doctor in Singapore, the squadron-leader flying H-bombers from East Anglia, the inevitable minister of the Church of Scotland, the schoolteachers (none, of course, teaching in the Highlands) and those who have pushed their way up in commerce and engineering to positions of some responsibility. And the girls of my class, they too have got on, many in the only way open to them, by marrying men from other parts of Britain who were able to offer a much wider, fuller life than was ever enjoyed by their mothers.

That, of course, is the crux of the matter. What has a town like Campbeltown to offer, or, for that matter, what have the Highlands and Islands to offer, situated as they are on the bare, rocky periphery of the United Kingdom? I am not thinking in terms of television sets, motor cars, bigger and better homes filled with shinier, smoother gadgets. Such things are obtainable anywhere. Even Eskimos possess them nowadays.

In trying to assess this problem of Highland depopulation realism is required. We Highlanders have wept for too long over the tear-jerking picture of dear old granny contentedly feeding her hens by the back door of some lonely shieling in some misty glen. We have studiously encouraged the picture, kept it alive. We have moved about the world liberally scattering sentiments long since worn tatty. Too often our phoney sentiments of quaint Highland rusticity have cloaked such facts that tens of thousands of Highland acres are still devoted to sporting estates whose owners pay less—as a result of de-rating – than does the local hotel proprietor fighting hard to lengthen his season and build up the tourist industry. We have hidden from ourselves, and from the world at large, such a startling fact that in our day and age there are still titled people who object to the tarring of Highland roads because tarring would deprive their grouse of grit. Even more startling, of course, is the fact that such objections are upheld and that tarring does not take place. What matter if in winter such roads are impassable to the local inhabitants?

All of which helps explain why the visiting lecturer in California, the doctor in Singapore, the squadron-leader in East Anglia are not sufficiently interested in their homeland even to the extent of making a sentimental journey back to the straths and seashores of their boyhood.

But apart from the feudalism still rampant in the Highlands; apart from the freight charges which send up the cost of every item brought into the area; apart from the fact that in the extremities of childbirth one's wife may develop complications which require specialist treatment available only at the end of a nightmare, body-racking journey by sea, road or air ambulance; apart from all that is the stark reality that the Highlands and Islands can offer jobs to no more than a tiny fraction of the people born there. It may be that Nature's ratio is correct and that four out of 34 in each school year is the maximum number of school-leavers a town like Campbeltown can accommodate. The tragedy comes, however, with the realisation that this ceaseless exodus is diluting the brew of local initiative, making it so weak that those who remain in the depopulated areas find themselves increasingly put about in their efforts to throw off lethargy and despondency.

New industries, new roads, new houses, new water supplies, vast unending subsidies are not going to rejuvenate the Highlands. They are too late—like the £30,000 recently spent building a new pier on the island of Stroma, which, when completed, did nothing more than provide a safe departure point for still another contingent of islanders leaving home for good.

People no longer wish to live in such places. Decline seems inevitable unless the state is willing to continue subsidising completely much of the Highlands and many of the Islands, perhaps as examples of a culture, of a way of life, which, for better or for worse, the world has left behind.

HAMISH MACKINVEN

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B·A·T·S·F·O·R·D

The Girl from Barcelona

When I came back from Italy, I knew Inge would be at the station. And there she was, and I hugged her and said things in Spanish. 'You've got an Italian accent', she said angrily. 'I can't help it,' I said. It was true, there was a false, singing note. Spanish is hard, moon-white, hammered out for any kind of truth. Italian is like rotten fruit, gay and dangerous with wasps. It was really more like me. I went back to French and then to English. I am not really good at languages, I am not a monkey. 'What are you going to do?' asked Inge. 'Write a book,' said I, which was an easy thing to say in the drama of the station: there it was, neat, shining and clear in my mind, pages effortlessly filled, a mirror of my days.

I had met Inge a month before I had left for Italy, at a party given in Montparnasse by an American opera-singer called Hilda. At this party were the cream of the collectors, the collected and the half-way people who paid for the drinks and incidental flourishes, the people who visit the exhibitions, read the books, say the things, but are really always sound-proof. 'This is the girl,' said Hilda, introducing me to Inge. She looked quite simple, radiant and modest, but was dry and brittle as an unwatered flower bed. She was a nurse in the Civil War, had been in prison on both sides, and was now given leave of absence to rest in Paris.

Always the beginning of a love-affair has the music of spring, and at once the houses of Paris settled down in their luminous places, and the minute things like bread, buses and grocers' shops glowed with a light of eternity. First there

was the hotel by the Tuileries, the confessions, the absolution, and the gay breakfast; and then we went to stay in the house of her uncles and cousins. To my surprise these turned out to be Jews from Berlin, small and gentle; and we talked about literature (since I had adopted for myself the title of 'author' in the brilliant, shiftless circus of Montparnasse).

Then one day Inge told me she had to leave Paris for a short time, but that she would be back and that I was not to worry. She refused to explain why, and in some way I imagined I should never see her again. I tried to write my book (something formless about New Zealand) but the shape of phrases eluded me; I was obsessed by the magic of loving; I was hungry for present triumph among the world's flowers. Somewhere, behind the summer in the cafés, stood the huge dull monster of war tearing up the petals and starting to shoot the birds. And I hadn't lived. At last Inge returned. The streets of Paris shone again, but she steadfastly refused to say where she had been.

We went to live in the forest of Rambouillet. At first we stayed in a strange dusty inn at Celles les Bordes, where there was a mechanical piano made in 1906. In the morning it was surrounded by poultry, the sun plunged in, and we danced for hours. Madame, who had ringworm, sat on the floor peeling potatoes and shelling peas. 'Dance, my children,' she cried. 'Dance while you can.' We were the only guests. Once she pointed out of one of the opaque windows at a small brown house. 'This is quite a famous village,' she said proudly. 'That was where Landru was born.' There was also a sort of composite shop, which sold bootlaces, sausages, cough-mixture, fishing-rods and postcards of lovers among the cherry-blossom.

In the afternoons we walked through the forest, thick with the hot smell of fern, and we nearly always went towards the bean-fields. Inge had a wild hunger for beans. 'Why beans?' I asked her. 'In Spain there are sometimes only beans in the battlefields,' she said. She sat on the ground, shelling beans, and singing Republican songs; and she was hardly there, beside me, in the French forest at all. 'Where do you go when you go away?' I asked her. 'I will tell you one day,' she said. One day Hilda arrived at the hotel with a rich lover, a Swiss banker; and we sat downstairs drinking their red wine. There was a tune on the mechanical piano from *Manon*; we played it, and Hilda began singing. She sang to us and the poultry and to Landru's house and the spiders on the ceiling. Life was a summer afternoon's dream.

We moved to Clairefontaine and found an absurd small house in the forest about a mile away from the village. The front of the house was covered with rambling roses. It had electric light, a small kitchen and a garden the size of a towel, with ten radish plants and some celery and a few poppies. It had obviously been built for a dwarf married couple, or a mountain bourgeois with a Japanese mistress, or perhaps an old lonely man who loved birds not too far from Paris. We stayed there for about a week, and then Inge told me that she had to go away in a few days. 'For God's sake why?' I cried. 'I have to, for a number of reasons,' she said; 'perhaps the main, obvious reason is that we have no more money. You have to write your book.' 'I don't,' I said. 'Tell me where you are going,' I asked. I felt insane and jealous. I didn't want the forest without her. 'I will tell you when I come back,' she said.

The next day Hilda and her Swiss banker came to visit us. They had brought some champagne and we had a picnic in front of the house. Hilda sang again. She sang with a free golden heart but with economy. Hers was a very neat life. They packed up the picnic baskets, drove off to Paris, and left us alone in the darkening forest. In two days Inge would go. We were both wanderers, each of us almost without countries; but I knew that she was the stronger and the clearer of us. I told her so while we sat drinking coffee on the bed. She decided then to tell me about where she was going.

'It's to the Spanish frontier', she said. 'Why the frontier?' I said. 'Because I meet a man there.' 'How do you know he'll be there?' I asked with a sick feeling. 'Because it's an arrangement', she said. There was a pause. 'Who is he?' I asked. 'He's a man with Franco', she said. 'But you are not with Franco.' 'Certainly not', she said. 'I am from Catalonia, I am with the Republic. I met this man in one of the prisons'. 'Which side?' I asked. 'It doesn't matter which side', she said. 'I had been helping to carry in pilots who had crashed near Barcelona. Most of them were charred. I was captured and stayed in this prison for about six months. One day I went to a window and began to jump out to kill myself but someone stopped me. It was this man.' 'And who is he?' 'He's an important man with Franco. He is a Colonel. But he is not a politician. He is simply someone; the sort of person you can find only in Spain, in the middle of a Civil War, who is as noble and great as Spain itself.' There was another pause, and I tried to think and understand. 'And he comes to meet you?' 'Certainly', she said. 'Is it dangerous?' 'Of course', she said, 'but he is always there. We meet in the mountains. He brings me money and messages from my mother.' It was now quite dark and an owl hooted. 'When are you leaving?' I asked. 'Tomorrow', she said.

In the morning she packed her knapsack, and we walked together to the cool fringe of the road. 'Goodbye', she said. She looked at me, and I remembered her as she sat, fancy free, singing in the bean field. 'You can get credit in the inn', she said. 'I will be back soon.' She walked away down the road; and then she suddenly came back. 'There is no love-making', she said; 'it is out of the question'.

I stayed in the minute Japanese bird-house for two days, completely motiveless. The music had stopped, and I had no inner music to compose. This was the time to construct a fortress from the intermittent, slowly receding rivers of life, but I did no such thing. At the end of the second week, huge clouds began to cover the sky and the forest was utterly black. Rain began to fall, and I retreated into the doll's house. An hour later there was an enormous crash of thunder, a stab of lightning, and the lights in the house fused. There was nothing to see but the night, nothing to hear but the rain. In the morning it was clear and fine again, and the fuses were mended. I waited another week. And then for another. But Inge never appeared.

One morning I was woken up by a voice singing. It was the piece from *Manon* that we had played on the mechanical piano in Celles les Bordes. I looked out through the roses to see Hilda and the banker with a picnic basket. 'Where's Inge?' shouted Hilda. 'I don't know', I said. 'I don't know'.

I never saw her again. A man I knew in Paris called Farraday gave me a return ticket to London (which somebody didn't want because of a horizon of love) and there I was standing in Newhaven harbour. 'British?' said a huge policeman. 'Yes', I said. 'On the right', said the policeman.

ANTHONY CARSON

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The Arts and Entertainment

Darkness is Zero

APOLOGISTS often justify a great deal of contemporary abstract art by calling it decorative. Sometimes, in a very limited optical sense, this justification is reasonable. But it is worth while remembering that all great previous decorative painting has expressed an attitude to living and so has been a comment on experience, not just a pleasurable sensation in itself. If one thinks of Greek vase painting, certain Roman frescoes Veronese, Tiepolo, some canvases by Rubens, certain Gauguins, Matisse, Dufy, one realises that all these works are essentially about the pursuit of happiness. Their 'happy' arrangement of colours and forms was fundamentally an expression of the artist's attitude to his theme. Veronese is perhaps the greatest decorative painter in European art, and in his *Adoration of the Magi* (recently brought out of the National Gallery Cellars and now on show) one can see very clearly how the design 'liberates' the figures and animals portrayed. A shaft of sunlight falls dragonally across the painting. The leaves of a fig tree, seen through it, become like fronds in water. Cherubs dart around it like kingfishers across a waterfall. A man on a first floor parapet leans forward and looks down its beam like a telescope on to the mother and child below.

> In the sun that is young once only,
> Time let me play and be
> Golden in the mercy of his means –

The nature of the liberation is a little like that. Light, colour and the bright blue sky absorbing without trace every echo of the pinks, umbers, greens and purples beneath it, are there to reveal the promise of every figure. The promises are materialist and innocent. Only darkness is zero and so everything that can be seen is a positive addition.

I believe it is Stendhal who says somewhere that there are as many types of beauty as habitual ways of seeking happiness. I do not want to suggest that there can be a formula for true decorative painting, but, however it evolves, I am sure that it must spring from a vision which is materialist and optimistic to the extent at which I have hinted. This probably explains why there is very little successful decorative painting today, and certainly explains why the new mural painting by Derrick Greaves and Edward Middleditch, in the library of Nuffield College, Oxford, is remarkable. It may seem a long way from Veronese to them – all the traditions, standards and thematic emphases are different – but there is no doubt this work belongs to the same genre.

The painting covers one long rather low wall, running the whole length of the room. Its subject is the four seasons. It begins with Spring; a cascade of white flowers, a little like a shaft of frosty light and a little like an annunciating angel, streams down on to a cradle with a child in it. Out of this cascade birds fly towards and around the huge centre of a sunflower representing Summer. Engaging with the wheel of this flower is the wheel of a cart on which a man lies amidst ears of wheat. The cart abuts on to a fence or tree trunk (which of the two is not quite clear), on the other side of which leaves and twigs are skeletoned against grey snow. The colour sequence is from green-white – like the inside of an apple – through bright blue and orange and furnace colours to a white which is grey like ash or like grey hair. All the images are flattened and formalised so that, rightly, they remain on the surface of the wall and do not give any strong illusions of depth; but at the same time they are by no means mechanically schematic, they are like living objects pressed against and seen through thick magnifying or minimising glass. Darkness is zero and everything that can be seen is a positive addition.

Various criticisms can be made: the man on the cart seems, in terms of the theme, a bit lost; the connecting passages between Spring and Summer, and Autumn and Winter appear a little empty when seen from the centre front – when the wall is seen in foreshortened perspective from either end, they look much better; the Spring sequence is also a little empty on the left. But, as a whole, this work is an impressive achievement. And it succeeds because, unlike the majority of English decorative mural paintings today, which are either vacuously abstract or quaintly humorous, it has something serious to celebrate. Happiness leaves the mind free not empty, and it is with the freedom attained in this way that one's eye can wander over this wall, delighting in shapes and colours whose meanings are not for one moment denied, but can look after themselves.

Two further points must be briefly made. First, the collaboration between Greaves and Middleditch has really worked. There seems to have been no conflict of either style or vision. So much for the artist as an incorrigibly lone hunter. Secondly, this painting is, I think, better than any easel picture which either of them have recently produced. The job presented them with definite objective problems which they clearly had to solve; whereas, left to themselves, both Greaves and Middleditch like many other artists have sometimes tended to forget about solutions and only chase problems. Nuffield College should be congratulated for commissioning them and other bodies should follow suit.

JOHN BERGER

Seen and Heard

I MET many musicians at Covent Garden's *Samson* who were surprised to find that a Handel oratorio could be so stirring; no doubt they were haunted by all the dull performances they had heard in the concert hall, and had given up hope of anything more lively. Yet on several occasions, ever since the Twenties, the oratorios have been produced on the stage with remarkable success, and with an impact far stronger than they would have in a concert performance. Did not Handel himself call *Hercules* a 'musical drama'? And can there be any doubt that *Samson* gains from theatrical presentation, and from being sung in an operatic style?

Handel's inspiration seems to grow as the action unfolds. There are, of course, wonderful moments in the first part; but as Samson recovers from his despair and the drama takes a more outward form in his encounters with Dalila and Harapha, so the music rises to a superb pitch of invention until the great choruses at the end of the second act. Given really good singers, all this ought to be plain sailing; but the third act is more difficult. It seems to depend on Samson's final aria, 'Thus when the sun', a piece that is extraordinarily subtle in expression. How can an otherwise adequate Samson include this mysterious aria in his range of understanding? How, on the other hand, can a singer to whom such music is very close then encompass the heroic and powerful arias that Samson also has to sing? The two performances I heard at Covent Garden each mastered one aspect, but not the other. John Lanigan was deeply moving in 'Thus when the sun', but not strong or impassioned enough for the rest; Jon Vickers made nothing of this last crucial aria, but sang on the whole with impressive power. I have only two general criticisms to make: his *mezza voce* lacks quality, so that, for example, the wonderful recitative at the end of the first act failed in its effect; and he has still to achieve a more noble style before he becomes a singer of the highest class. Even so, he dominated the performance to such an extent that much of the evening gave less pleasure than with the more modest Samson of John Lanigan; for there the temperature remained at a more or less constant level, while with Jon Vickers it rose to great heights and then lapsed terribly by contrast. This was partly also because, on 24 November when I heard the performance with Vickers, the other parts were on the whole less well done.

Of the two Dalilas I much preferred Elisabeth Lindermeier. Though she might have been singing in Venezuelan for all one could understand, her portrayal of the part was more plausible than Joan Carlyle's, her voice had a beautiful quality and she phrased with distinction and elegance. Joan Carlyle sang well without entering in the same way into the character of the music. I also thought Lauris Elms far better in the part of Micah than Josephine Veasey; her performance was clear and resolute, and she never sank into the dreaded 'oratorio style' as Miss Veasey sometimes did. Quite outstanding was Joan

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Sutherland's singing of 'Let the bright Seraphim': pure, incisive and radiant.

Raymond Leppard conducted with much insight, and fell short only in matters of discipline – he did not always maintain his chosen *tempo* firmly enough, or hold stage and orchestra perfectly together. The chorus was excellent.

WILLIAM GLOCK

On the Scene

IT will not be news to readers of this column that the world of jazz, in addition to its many other fine qualities, is funny. However, what the squares among them may not have realised is, that its inhabitants know it. For every desperate member of the beat generation pencilling 'Bird is not dead' among the other *graffiti* in the cloakroom of a San Francisco jazz-joint, there is at least one man like that player at the jazz festival who had, when not allowed to play his 'Blues for Charlie Parker', looked up at the sudden cloudburst, and said with sober satisfaction: 'See, I reached Charlie and he's made it rain'. It is to this section of the jazz world that Vogue have addressed their EP *Two Interviews of Our Time*. The first of these is with a Dr Sholem Stein, who claims to have discovered a significant Hebrew influence in the calypso, the other with a less intellectual type, Shorty Pederstein, a French horn player who 'digs, like, the Bartok scene' and attempts to express his general conclusions about music and culture. The trouble about the Shorty Pedersteins is that, like so many other things in the modern world, they cannot really be parodied, since they are already parodies of themselves. Still, that does not make the record any less wildly funny for those who have ever dug, like, the *avant garde* modern jazz scene.

On the whole the French-horn-Bartok type of player is still fairly rare in this country. A glance at *Jazz News*, which keeps an eye on British provincial music-making, suggests that the traditional tuba-banjo-Buddy-Bolden kind of jazz still keeps its hold among the Omega Jazzmen of Dundee, the Climax Jazz Band in Bridgford at the Dancing Slipper Ballroom, the Johnny Hobbs Stompers at the Mapperly Tea Rooms, and in similar locations. For this reason it is not unlikely that Messrs Grossman and Farrell's *The Heart of Jazz* (Vision Press, 42s.) and Messrs Wareing and Garlick's *Bugles for Beiderbecke* (Sidgwick & Jackson, 25s.) will find a public to take them seriously. G. and F. argue that jazz has gone downhill since Louis Armstrong betrayed it in 1927, and that New Orleans jazz is religious music. ('It is hard to escape the conclusion that members of the audience were seeking a specifically Christian experience.') W. and G. reprint a lyric on their hero by one Herbert Corby.

> I think I understand you playing
> Out of the dark of the disc, I think
> I know the meaning of what you're saying
> From the heart and the heart of the drink.

At that, it is not much worse than some of the jazz poetry that has recently reached us from San Francisco. . . .

In case we are tempted to forget that jazz is also a music, an unusually good batch of records is available for our Christmas shopping – some of them so good that even critics who do not get review copies are tempted to buy them. For the Pederstein-type listener there is a really splendid *Modern Jazz Quartet* (London), Dizzy Gillespie's duets with Sonny Rollins and Sonny Stitt (Columbia), the Jazz Messengers' *Cu-bop* (with an additional Cuban drummer) on London, and Kenny Dorham's *Jazz Contrasts* (London); in descending order of attractiveness. Those who dig more bloodless blowing will no doubt be interested in the *Jimmy Giuffre 3* and *Bobby Jaspar* – combining a Belgian and a coloured Moslem convert – both on London. Non-sectarian jazz-lovers are excellently served by the Eddie Davis Trio plus Joe Newman (presented by Count Basie) on Columbia, and by the three LPs which Stanley Dance, the well-known British *aficionado* and critic, made with his friends in New York for Felsted: *Swinging like Tate*, *All about Memphis* and *Earl's Backroom and Cozy's Caravan*. The object of this enterprise was to record good, and in some instances very good, jazz-players who for reasons of fashion had dropped out of sight in the States. It is not the first time that British critics have helped the Americans to maintain a little historical perspective about their own music.

The results are not masterpieces, except when Earl Hines plays; but they succeed remarkably well in producing the relaxed, swinging atmosphere of good jazz as played by men who are enjoying themselves without reference to the higher learning; the sort of people who would echo the remark of 'Cannonball' Adderly: 'What's he think he's doing, speaking Latin at a musicians' festival? We musicians don't go around playing at Latin festivals, do we?' This, no doubt, is also the view of Ella Fitzgerald and Duke Ellington who have teamed up on two HMV LPs (not sold separately) to the full satisfaction not only of jazz-lovers, but of their girls and wives, whose tastes are normally a little neglected in this field. But it is not the view of the folk-song enthusiasts who, though neutral about Latin, have always been filled with educational and propagandist zeal. Pete Seeger's *Guitar Guide* on Topic (with attached booklet) makes an ideal Christmas present for young skifflers who want to learn more about their instrument; Woody Guthrie on *Bound For Glory* (Topic) talks and sings about his wanderings, the songs acrid and true, the commentary, alas, in Hollywood prose. Margaret Barry and Michael Gorman (Topic) do not talk at all, but sing Irish songs and play fiddle tunes as they may be heard every Saturday in the London equivalent of the blues-singers' joints the Bedford Arms, Camden Town.

FRANCIS NEWTON

Back-Stage Story

BY far the most arresting films of the week have been two shown to the Press at the National Film Theatre: unfortunately they will not be seen otherwise, except by film societies. Let me first, then, rehearse the films that will be seen.

We have heard much, rather too much, about *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness*, at the Odeon. While it was being made, there was the front-page story of Donat. He was ill. He was dying. He died. But not before the shooting was over. Interviews with Ingrid Bergman and Kurt Jurgens, fellow stars, about how wonderful and tragic it had been. Then, it was all – this biography of a housemaid who sallied out as a missionary to China – filmed in the Welsh hills; and from Cardiff to Liverpool and Soho the land must have been swept for Chinese men, Chinese women and children (the last play an important part). In all this publicity, Miss Bergman, of course, came in for not a little attention, which reached its climax at the première where with her new fiancé she announced that her new life was going to be

'very, very private'. She plays the part of the evangelistic housemaid. How true to the original, responded the critics. But the original, Miss Gladys Aylward, felt otherwise. She threatens a libel action.

My own feeling is that a film may be 'true to life' and smooth away so many knobs and edges that its truth half-vanishes in the streamlining of popular entertainment. And this is what, I think, has happened in *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness*. What was Miss Aylward's denomination? Of course we aren't told; in fact, any proselytising is left to servants or mule drivers. Then she saved a number of children by taking them on a long trek when the Japanese invaded. But the politics are left so vague, that after two and a half hours it might almost be the Communists. This isn't helped by the Welsh hills and the Soho Chinese and poor Donat's appearance as a mandarin, and even more extraordinary, Kurt Jurgens's Chinese captain with Western blood in him: the Western strain seems to have engulfed everything except a front view of the eyes; which again (thanks to publicity or rumour) we know to be due to contact lenses. Is *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness* a fair film? Yes, thanks particularly to Bergman; but the story behind it is ten times better.

Behind *The Stain on the Snow* (Berkeley) is a Simenon story which I suspect to be a good deal more gripping; it is about the Nazi occupation, about a whore's-brat who kills a Nazi and then an old woman out of thwarted love. From the same impulse comes his love and hideous betrayal of a young girl; and in the end, after a final understanding with her has produced the memorable 'I have had to live my life in one minute', he is shot by the Gestapo. The film is packed and yet rambles; we lose the sensation of the snow; Daniel Gelin as the embracer of evil and Valentine Tessier as his mother, who has a brothel in lieu of husband, can do no more than the film does, which is to wander in and out of high drama. I'm quite sure the Simenon novel is more taut but the film does, for all its uncertainty, compel.

The two films not to be seen are Andrew and Amelie Thorndike's *Holiday at Silt* and *Operation Teutonic Sword;* these are film dossiers of ex-Nazi leaders who occupy high positions in the present Europe. They appear to be honest and scouring, as they are certainly first-class documentary. The first presents a seaside Mayor with his background as SS commander of Warsaw, and the second, General Speidel – yes, he of NATO! – accused here as go-between in the plot to assassinate Alexander and Barthou in Marseilles. Such are the accusations, reinforced by 'proof' from the film archives. Some of the implications could hardly be disputed; others – particularly the Marseilles assassination – would require far more evidence. But the fact that high ex-Nazi officials hold today ranks equally high, or higher, needs no proof; and apparently the Thorndikes mean to go on with these revelations in further films. These will be shown behind the Iron Curtain. Here they are banned – or at least, the first of these films is; the second has yet to be pronounced upon. The Censor – who only the other week boasted that there is no such thing as political censorship – has refused his certificate. The films would in any case not secure more than a limited showing, and I feel that the Censor has at least as many questions to answer as the Thorndikes.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

TOWNSEND
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'I read it with horror.' 15*s net*

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'Fascinating glimpses of the contemporary Greek character and the essential Greek spirit. He is an inquiring, warm writer. . . . He has a sharp eye for the poetry of ordinary life.' —*T.L.S.* *Illustrated* 25*s net.*
CHATTO & WINDUS

Showing Off

MR ROBERT MORLEY has been the recipient of some pretty severe lectures this week, and he has deserved them. But the sad thing is that they will make no difference. I have been lecturing Mr Morley for years, and the only result is that he just keeps on doing what I keep on telling him not to. Potentially he is a fine comic actor, as a few passages in each of the plays he appears in reveal. In the present one, *Hook, Line and Sinker*, at the Piccadilly, there are 20 minutes in the last scene when he bothers to act, and they are delightful. The rest of the time he Morleys about, and since this Morleying about is funny, too – because he is a funny man – and gets its laughs, he is apparently satisfied. It is sad when a talented person is so complacent, so self-indulgent, so content to fob off his audiences with the third-rate when he is capable of the first-rate.

I suppose really it is the audience's fault. They are indulgent enough to pay high prices for the third-rate, and Mr Morley is prepared to take their money. I should have thought he would have more pride.

How long can he get away with it? Probably indefinitely, more's the pity, certainly as long as there is this indulgent middle-class audience willing to pay too much for too little. This is the destructive strata of the theatre-going public which has ruined its spoiled darlings one after the other. It encouraged the late Yvonne Arnaud to give the same performance year after year. It would like to ruin others, like Mr Wilfrid Hyde White or Miss Margaret Rutherford. And it is rapidly ruining Mr Robert Morley. What Mr Morley needs is to be ruined in another sense. Three crashing flops in a row would do him the world of good – as an actor. Instead, out of a play by Roussin, adapted by himself for himself, he will do very nicely, thank you, and be encouraged to repeat the process in a year or two.

Not that it matters, essentially. All that high falutin' talk about this sort of West-Endery dishing the theatre is so much nonsense. The Theatre is large enough to have room for high-, low- and middle-brow, for art and entertainment. That is its saving grace. I'm not complaining that Mr Morley doesn't go in for art. He probably despises it – and that's only his loss. What I'm complaining of is that he is capable of giving us first-rate entertainment and what he gives us is third-rate. I don't want just to see Mr Robert Morley showing off. I want to see him acting. The waste of his talent is his own affair. But he is cheating me of my pleasure. That's what makes me cross.

T. C. WORSLEY

The Unsick Wolf

IN the week in which it became known that shares in Associated TeleVision, bought for a shilling each three years ago, now had a market value of £14 each, Mr John Crosby, television critic of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, said, in a genial discourse in Granada's *What the Papers Say:* 'I am awed by the fact that a company that puts on Ibsen can also make so much money. I wish we knew how to do that in America.'

Even Sir Robert Fraser would not argue that this is the whole truth about British commercial television. Mr Crosby himself warned us that many of the *twenty-eight* Westerns now running serially on TV in New York would soon be 'cluttering-up' our screens; and Ed Murrow's *Small World*, which he specially commended, is to be shown here by the BBC. Nonetheless, ATV's production of *John Gabriel Borkman*, in which Sir Laurence Olivier had been induced to make his first post-war TV appearance, deserved the immense publicity it received, not only in newspapers financially interested in television (though some of those not so interested were naturally less enthusiastic).

Sir Laurence's courage in agreeing to take this risk, in accepting this difficult and unsympathetic part, has rightly been acclaimed. Much thought had clearly gone into his interpretation. Yet I could not see in him the 'sick wolf padding in his cage', the ruined financier and ex-convict who has morbidly refused for eight years to leave his room. With his trim whiskers and well-pressed clothes, his (at first) almost serene dignity, he looked like a Victorian Liberal statesman or Scottish laird – and remarkably un-sick. Surely there should be an air of seediness, of majesty *manqué*, about Borkman? Or, if the keeping-up of an impeccable wardrobe and grand manner of speech is necessary to sustain his delusion, should not the viewers – who see an actor's eyes more closely than a theatre audience can – be allowed a hint of paranoia? Sir Laurence's mien and gaze seemed so steady and rational – now a thought stern, now mildly amused – and his splendid voice rang with such genuine authority, that the bizarre tragedy at the end became even more inexplicable than the cloudiness of Ibsen's symbolism had made it.

I have no doubt that this underplaying was deliberate. Sir Laurence may have been too conscious of the opposite risk: sometimes, in a close shot on TV, a wink is as bad as a leer and one faint twitch of a facial muscle may suggest a general *rigor*; in general, therefore, restraint is recommended. But the special difficulty of applying such a policy to this production was that the main parts were played at quite different levels of intensity. Pamela Brown, as Ella Reintheim,

eschewed those mannerisms which delighted her admirers in *The Lady's Not for Burning* and *The Chalk Garden* and played it as straight as Sir Laurence; but Irene Worth, as Mrs Borkman, stormed and ranted (magnificently, indeed) as if every dark look and doom-laden syllable had to reach the back row of the Lyceum gallery. The effect of this disparity was uncomfortable: but for Ibsen's inexorable plot, Sir Laurence's and Miss Brown's innate toughness, and the admirable performances of Maxine Audley, Anthony Valentine, and George Relph, Miss Worth might have been in peril of stealing the show.

To see it, nonetheless, was a rich experience; and the chief credit for this must go to Sir Laurence himself and to the adapter-producer, Casper Wrede. The production was marred by one or two studio lapses; and, though Michael Meyer's new translation was in general competent, it contained (unless an effect of archaism was sought deliberately) too many lines that seemed stilted and unreal. ('Yes, I struck the bargain – my lust for power was so overwhelming.')

This is not the only viewable play recently broadcast. There were two on Sunday night, both by youngish men who make a serious professional job of writing plays for this insatiable machine, both dealing with possible contemporary situations. Iain MacCormick's *The Uninvited* (BBC) was about a 'Russian bride' turning up in London to look for a GI husband who has already married someone else: there was rather too much sitting-and-talking in this, and the mass-circulation editor really wouldn't have gone out on the story himself; but the wry ending was just right, and the acting of Katherine Kath and Bill Nagy convincing and moving. Ray Rigby's *Boy with the Meat-axe* was rawer and rougher, but came to life all right, sordid as it was; and, again, there was some excellent acting, especially by Sheila Allen.

On Sunday, too, the BBC gave an elaborate one-hour condensation of *Giselle*. Though one is always glad to see such dancing as that of Nadia Nerina and Nicolai Fadeyechev, I couldn't help feeling that it was almost a waste to bring him from Moscow just for this. Not only is *Giselle* the most vapid of all the standard ballets, with the sickliest, least memorable music: it is also, *par excellence*, a vehicle for the dancer who plays the leading female part. Nerina was so good that one hardly missed Ulanova; but, impressive as Fadeyechev was, I wish he could have been seen in something that gave him more scope.

TOM DRIBERG

ICA Concert, at the Arts Council

The music section of the Institute of Contemporary Arts gave its first concert of the season on Tuesday at 4 St James's Square. The programme began with pieces for piano solo and unaccompanied 'cello by the younger generation, and ended with two performances of Schoenberg's *String Trio*, one of his most profound and affecting works. It sounds in 1958 almost like an 'old master'; but Schoenberg, whose methods have been almost entirely superseded by certain continental composers, now appears in a different role: to set a contemporary example of music in the full sense of the word. The depth and coherence of this *Trio* can never be superseded. Nearly all the other works had merit, though one or two were strangely circumspect. Peter Maxwell Davies's *Five Pieces* for piano had by far the most character and invention. The contours and sonorities of his music are proof of a fiery imagination: he is a composer to watch.

The performances by Margaret Kitchin, Derek Simpson and the Haydn Trio had been scrupulously prepared, and sounded for the most part convincing. But of course we should not have been subjected to a long sequence of solo works if there had been half-a-crown to spare for any alternative. The ICA music section has an enterprising chairman, Iain Hamilton, and a committee capable of planning the most stimulating contemporary programmes that London is likely to offer. All that is needed is some financial support, perhaps from industry or Independent Television; for the Arts Council grant is quite inadequate. *Something* should be done, and not in five years' time but now.

W. G.

Paintings from the Urvater Collection, at the Tate

These 92 paintings are only a relatively small part of a private collection of twentieth-century pictures and sculptures formed in Belgium during the last ten years. The concentration on surrealism of this selection is not characteristic of the collection as a whole – another equally large selection could have shown an equally strong emphasis on tachism and action painting. Outside the ranks of the movement and its fellow-travellers, the approved attitude to surrealism has always been that the 'abstract surrealists' (Mirò, Masson, etc.) were O.K. but the 'dream photographers' (Dali, Magritte, etc.) were just Victorian illustrators in paper hats. This stuffy judgment looks increasingly irrelevant. Abstract surrealism now appears thin and repetitive by comparison with American action painting, which has fed upon it and come up with something of greater plastic density and variety. On the other hand, representational surrealism seems to have more and more point in the face of the current difficulty in creating readily intelligible images. Not that painters like Tanning and Labisse look any less sentimental than they did. But Magritte looks extremely impressive – a very pure, unaffected artist painting for the original purpose of posing paradoxical questions about the relationship between pictures and reality: an epistemological painter, so to speak. Apart from a fine group of Klees, the Magrittes are the dominant works here. Incidentally, not long ago, the biggest and best of them was offered to the Tate for a modest sum and turned down.

A. D. B. S.

Correspondence

MONTGOMERY AND BRADLEY

SIR, – Mr Constantine FitzGibbon, in his examination of the opposing strategical views of Field-Marshal Montgomery and General Bradley for the conduct of allied operations in north-west Europe, argues that, during two phases of the campaign, the Field-Marshal lost for the allies an opportunity of finishing off the war in 1944. On the first count he maintains that General Patton was deliberately restrained from accomplishing the encirclement of the German forces south of the Seine in August; on the second, that by insistence on his own strategical views in September, the Field-Marshal left General Patton 'high and dry with victory in his grasp': when, indeed, 'his vanguards were across the Meuse, headed for Metz, Nancy, the Saar and the historic Napoleonic route into Germany'.

In order to make his case – doubtless out of loyalty to his old headquarters – Mr FitzGibbon distorts the truth of history. There was, in fact, a *double* encirclement of the German forces south of the Seine: the first at Falaise – 'unquestionably one of the greatest "killing grounds" of any of the war areas', to quote General Eisenhower. Mr FitzGibbon, on the other hand, complains that General Patton was only allowed to advance to effect a link with the Canadians 'when most of the Germans had gone'. Again, General Bradley states in his own book that he himself halted General Patton without reference to higher authority because to have 'driven pell-mell into Montgomery's line of advance could easily have resulted in a disastrous error in recognition'. He further points out that, had General Patton been allowed to extend his line to include Falaise, 'the 19 German divisions who were now stampeding to escape the trap must certainly have broken through it'. The second 'encirclement' south of the Seine can hardly have been as

ineffective as Mr FitzGibbon suggests. The remaining enemy columns were jammed behind the ferry crossings, and 'for two days', writes General Bradley, 'not merely did the allied air rush in to bomb and strafe them, but American artillery fired on these concentrations until the crossings were marked by pyres of smoke that darkened the summer sky'.

The second charge against the Field-Marshal concerns '21st Army Group's intended advance beyond the Ruhr'—as Mr FitzGibbon vaguely describes it. In actual fact, the object of the Field-Marshal's proposed 'left-hook' was the encirclement of the Ruhr—the heart of Germany's war-making industry. He does not state what was the *object* of General Patton's proposed advance along the Napoleonic route into Germany. It may be possible to contend that the mere fact of the advance might have brought about the collapse of Germany. However, 'collapse of Germany' can hardly rank as the object of a military operation; and any military operation undertaken without a clearly defined object must inevitably be bedevilled in its subsequent development—as the Field-Marshal himself points out in discussing the allied operations in Sicily, Italy, Normandy, and, for that matter, Germany itself.

JOHN NORTH

Army & Navy Club, SW1

THE WOLFENDEN PROPOSALS

SIR,—Your correspondent Wayland Young's reasons for supporting the Wolfenden Committee's proposals for dealing with prostitutes are worse than the proposals themselves. Prostitutes are what they are and are where they are because men want them to be that and there; and the Committee's proposals that they, and not their men clients, should be punished, because they offend the sense of decency of ordinary citizens, is simply an effort by people who do not know how to deal with a problem, to show that they are at least zealous. But their suggestion that, of the two parties who offend against decency, only the woman, who has no friends, should be punished while the man should go scot-free, because if an attempt were made to punish him there would be a hell of a row, is a mean and cowardly act. Wayland Young, however, goes very much further. He proposes to punish the women because the men, who want them to be where they are, occasionally offend decent women by mistaking them for prostitutes. This assumes, not that the men bring the prostitutes on to the streets, but that the prostitutes bring the men on to the streets, and thereby give offence to other women who do not want men, or at least those men, to be there. Why on earth not punish the man, who offends a decent woman, for his own wrong-doings? I have heard many reasons for punishing prostitutes, but never such a grotesque reason as this. Wayland Young proposes to punish them, not for any wrong-doing of their own, but for the wrong-doing of other people. Is it impossible to protect decent women against insult? If so, will he please tell us why?

W. LYON BLEASE

14 Water Street
Liverpool 2

SIR,—Professor Ayer is right in his reference to the difficulties experienced by homosexuals in trying to form stable and emotionally satisfying relationships. Yet in these lies the homosexual's best chance of being an asset to society. In every case where I have known a pair of homosexuals living *openly* together (and this course is at present only open to people distinguished in the arts or in business on their own), they have ceased to be any sort of problem, least of all to young persons or in public places.

But so long as the law remains in its present form, many others who might otherwise be able to achieve such a relationship cannot do so. The very law which makes them *criminals* thus turns them into the parks and pubs and public conveniences where their behaviour does become a nuisance to society—and ultimately themselves.

MARTYN GOFF

109 High Street
Banstead, Surrey

DEAD END FOR PLANNERS

SIR,—Until now, despite its shortcomings and ambiguities, our planning system was still designed to ensure the use and development of land in the 'public interest'. Successive governments since the war have reaffirmed this purpose, and they have all agreed that it cannot be achieved unless the major principle of the 1947 Act is maintained—the nationalisation of post-1947 developments rights and values. Indeed, one of the most outspoken opponents of the provisions now made in Part I of the new Town and Country Planning Bill has been the Prime Minister himself. In introducing the 1952 and 1954 Planning Acts, Mr Macmillan repeatedly explained why a measure such as the present one had to be rejected.

What does the present Bill do? It changes the basis of compensation for compulsory acquisition, which has with minor modifications been maintained since the 1947 Act, from 'existing use value' to 'current market value'. It sounds as though this is an innocuous change, for until now the owner has been paid full current market value for the existing use of the property which he has been compelled to sell. But from now on, compensation will lose its purpose and its meaning. The owner will not only be 'compensated' to enable him to buy equivalent property; he will also get an unearned premium—the hypothetical increase in value which his property is likely to have as a result of its new development after the sale. It is that which is called the new 'fair' current market value.

Even four and six years ago, it was not so called. Mr Macmillan then said that '. . . the broad principle of the 1947 settlement has been generally accepted as fair'. The 1952 White Paper warned that it would be 'dangerous' to overthrow it. The explanatory memorandum on the new Bill does not explain why the dangers can now be ignored.

Definitions of 'current market value' for compulsory acquisition are so hypothetical and varied that their interpretations are bound to be highly arbitrary. In some cases, valuation is based on the assumption that planning exists as the determinant of development value; in others, that planning does not exist—or ought to exist only in so far as it agrees with *laissez-faire* speculation. Yet in others contradictory assumptions are combined. Thus the new Bill has many clauses which are incomprehensible—a confusion which results from the intent to get, somehow or other, the best of both worlds for the landowner, and the highest possible price for his property.

From now on there will be far more compulsory purchase orders—not because the 'land grab' has ended, as we are told, but because sale under 'compulsion' will be of greater speculative value to the owner than sale by agreement. The owner who has been 'compelled' to sell retains an interest in his previous property for five years. He is entitled to additional compensation if it is put to more profitable use than was intended at the time of sale; he need not return any money if the use is later less profitable than it had been assumed to be.

'Planning' will be no more than a growing tangle of meaningless red tape. For that reason alone, the Labour Party had the duty to oppose the Bill. They did not do so. That is the most amazing part of this whole affair.

RUTH GLASS

10 Palace Gardens Terrace, W8

LABOUR AND THE UNIONS

SIR,—Of course you are right to emphasise that the Labour Party cannot expect a blank cheque fronr the trade unions. The best that the trade unions can offer is an attitude of good will, with the prospect of co-operation in any serious plan to raise output and the standard of living.

Whether Labour can succeed in this task depends mainly on the volume of excess capacity now available. Dr Balogh seemed to take a somewhat gloomy view of this in his article on 'The Economic Battleground' and was thus led to suggest that a Labour government might need to ask for a wage standstill during the first year of office. Such an approach seems to be doomed to disappointment. Expanding production will inevitably lead to higher earnings for pieceworkers and others in the piecework industries, thus provoking a strong demand from the service trades for increased wage rates. Failure to grant these will produce a lively sense of injustice and disillusionment amongst service workers, especially since it is they who have lost most ground in the recent past.

The only hope for price stability with expansion is that existing excess capacity should be sufficient to permit such an increase of output as will keep output per man rising at least as fast as wage earnings and rates. I believe this to be so at present, with the consequence that the Labour Party has a unique opportunity to secure a rise in both consumption and investment at the same time. It would be a great tragedy if this opportunity were frittered away in a pure hire-purchase boom. But that is unlikely. It will take more than hire purchase to pull us out of our present stagnation.

H. F. LYDALL

19 Northmoor Road, Oxford

DOCTORS' SALARIES

SIR,—After all the protracted negotiations and the continued refusal to implement the recommendations of the Spens Committee, the government's decision to give the doctors an interim payment now does seem significant. It comes at a moment when there is a growing demand from the profession itself for a further reduction of the far too large practices that are still essential for a reasonable standard of living. And—even more important—for the recognition and ending of the risks to both patient and doctors arising out of the hours of work. To assume that any man is capable of working 24 hours a day is surely wrong. But to base a Health Service on the assumption that the lives of patients should be entrusted to doctors who are often obliged to do just that, seems downright immoral.

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It is for these reasons that one is led to wonder whether there may not be after all some connection between this unexpected payment and the growing anxiety of the government that it may find itself obliged to provide more doctors – and more salaries – if the doctors, and the patients, for their own safety should insist on more rational hours of work.

N. CHISHOLM

29 Rosslyn Hill, NW3

REPRESSION IN GREECE

SIR, – Among the dozens of trade unionists and other democrats arrested in recent days in Greece, is my brother-in-law, Nikos Ambatielos. Your readers may already be familiar with his story. He was first arrested, early in 1944, by the Nazis. After a brief spell of freedom he was thrown into the Makronesos concentration camp in 1946 and from then on, until 1953, he was held without a break. After a few months of freedom in 1953, he was seized and, without charge or trial, sent to the camp on the island of Agios Efstratios, being released, 'on permit', in 1957.

On 7 November 1958, after eighteen months' freedom, he has again been seized and sent to Agios Efstratios camp. He is not charged with any offence but he is 'exiled' for one year (in practice, indefinitely) by a Security Committee decision, i.e., an arbitrary, non-judicial decision of the police.

Words are no longer adequate to express the disgust that I know so many British people feel at the shameful persecution of its opponents and critics by the Greek Government. But I hope your readers will write to the Greek Ambassador at 51 Upper Brook Street, London, W1, and insist, in the name of justice, that men like Nikos (about 400 now), as well as women, who are held in concentration camps, without charge, be released immediately.

BETTY AMBATIELOS

23 Hornsey Lane Gardens, N6

JAMAICA AND FEDERATION

SIR, – Your comment on the West Indies in your last issue is tendentious and misleading. Jamaica is not by any means the most highly developed West Indian island; it may contribute 43 per cent. of the Federation's revenue but Trinidad with half its population contributes 39 per cent. and is the island with much the largest *per capita* income and greatest degree of industrialisation. The present issue has been touched off by the Jamaican proposal to give an American oil company monopoly refining and distribution rights in the island and to keep out the products of the efficient Trinidad refineries among others. Jamaican costs are notoriously high and its fiscal structure notoriously colonial.

This latest move is regarded by the Federal government as attacking the very concept of West Indian nationalism, since Jamaica so far from doing anything towards breaking down the customs barriers between the islands is seeking to erect new ones. Socialist susceptibilities are also offended by so blatant a commercial deal as this. The warning that Sir Grantley Adams gave was a repetition of one given at a press conference in Trinidad in September. But the Jamaican elections are three months nearer now.

J. M. G. ADAMS

47 Nevern Square, SW5

AUSTRALIAN LABOUR

SIR, – While the Australian election was in progress, a number of Australian Labour supporters in London came together informally, but with the approval of the ALP, to campaign among Australians living in London. We now feel that it would be useful to set up a more permanent group of the ALP in London, and we would like any interested Australians to get in touch with us.

LEONE GOLD

7 Carlisle Street, W1

KATHERINE MANSFIELD AND MIDDLETON MURRY

SIR, – In your issue of 15 November, your reviewer of Somerset Maugham's *Points of View* writes of Katherine Mansfield: 'she deserves not to be forgotten even though the late Middleton Murry did rather ram her down everybody's throat'. May I suggest that she certainly would have been forgotten if her work had not been published, and that is solely what John Middleton Murry did – published her work. Very little had been published in her lifetime. My husband once told me that it was on the advice of Katherine's cousin, Lady Russell (Elizabeth of the German Garden), that he published 'as much as possible as soon as possible.' He published practically *without comment* and in the 34 years between her death and his he only wrote one short portrait of her.

If to publish the work of someone who by many has been hailed as a genius, is to 'ram her down everybody's throat', then I fear that many men of letters would come under a like condemnation.

MARY MIDDLETON MURRY

Thelnetham, Diss, Norfolk

POLITICAL DEFINITIONS

SIR, – Among the political terms which are being considered for inclusion in the forthcoming Supplement to the *Oxford English Dictionary* are *action committee* and *action group*, which are printed in the Addenda to the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* of 1952, with the following definition:

> . . . (in Communist use) committee, etc., that purges a society, etc., of non-Communists.

References to printed quotations containing these terms are required, and particularly any which give an indication of their history and precise meaning. May we invite your readers to send any such quotations (with full references) to The Editor, O.E.D. Supplement, 40 Walton Crescent, Oxford.

S. D. HILTON

REVOLUTION IN TIBET

SIR, – Your issue of 6 September has just come to hand and I have been reading the article 'Revolution In Tibet' by your correspondent, Harish Chandola. As the oblique reference in the first paragraph to 'former foreign missionaries busy drafting and sending appeals for help on behalf of fugitive Tibetan nobles in Kalimpong' must mean myself (for I am the only 'former foreign missionary' known to be in touch and in sympathy with the Tibetans here and certainly the only one to be in any position to draft appeals for help) I should like to lodge a strong protest. Neither I, nor any other European, had any part in drafting the recent memoranda, appeal and manifesto which have been submitted to the Indian government and other countries represented on the United Nations. Because it was known that I was working on a history of Tibet and making a special study of Tibet's relations with China, I was asked for data which I had collected, but this was only an indirect contribution to the aforementioned documents. These were drawn up by leading Tibetan officials.

GEORGE N. PATTERSON

Darjeeling, W. Bengal

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Christmas Books Supplement—I

THE LIVELY ART

A PASTY child, the Drama, in the Thirties – kept at home and brought up by poets and never on any account allowed out to play in Shaftesbury Avenue. They gave it private tutors and turned it into an egregious little prig, and it died and went to heaven, where it was surrounded by Angels at last, only too late. Not but that the Audens and the Isherwoods and the MacNeices, and even the Eliots of that day, would not have fainted away if a real live Angel had propositioned them, and offered to exhibit the interesting child before a real live audience.

Hear Professor Coghill, who writes of an early performance of *Sweeney Agonistes*: 'About thirty of us were gathered round an almost empty room without a stage . . . the almost fabulous figures of Lady Ottoline Morrell, Mr Aldous Huxley were pointed out to me in a whisper. . . .' There you have it. Saucy and experimental as the poets were, their plays did tend to get themselves resurrected 'among friends, some two or three' who would not touch the bloom. The drama was a thing to be cultivated, and advanced Sixth Formers would put on *The Ascent of F-6* and puzzle the Staff on Open Night.

It is perfectly plain that, since the Forties, the drama has become less and less dependent on that kind of minority audience. Plays are no longer put on in a drawing-room from which all save Lady Ottoline Morrell and Mr Aldous Huxley have been evacuated (though quite as many take place in drawing-rooms where the butler and the lady's maid have been left to brush up the exposition). The dramatists of the Royal Court may get the audiences they deserve, but they don't write for a coterie, they don't pick their champions in advance. They write with the large confident theatricality of men who are not frightened of paying-customers – whether the paying-customers wear dinner-jackets as they laugh in the wrong places, or duffle-coats. The drama today is public, alive. Two thousand scripts were sent in to the *Observer* play competition. In the course of the last month or so, a dozen publishers have printed twenty plays. Even Mr Eliot, graduating from Lady Ottoline, has emerged from his chrysalis (without relish and at his own pace) and finds himself in the open arena.

In this direct, formidable and active drama, it is the authors who sit at the centre of their own plays who make the most noise. Theirs is the tone of a man who can barely restrain himself from rushing on stage and making violent confession in his own person. Their shout is of the lyric sort, a rhythmical cry, perfectly unself-conscious because perfectly self-absorbed. They own a certain force – the force with which a man will cry out, on the instant and with instant authority, when he feels a pin stuck in him.

It is these – the primitives – who give the present drama its characteristic violent tone. It is of no concern to them that the pin they feel may not be sticking in anyone else. The more sophisticated, if more conventional, dramatist sits at the same distance from the centre of his play as the audience. He does not feel a pin in his own flesh, he conceives a man who feels a pin. He conceives his cry, he synthesises his reaction. At either pole – the primitive and the sophisticated – particles of truth agglomerate, but truth achieves full density only when one pole moves into the field of the other, when the 'I' of the primitive is buried in the 'Us' of the sophisticate, Shakespeare cries out with all the primitive force in the world – but the pin sticking in his behind is not a private pin, it pricks the universal behind, and in his great shout is echoed our own. He is 'I' in context of 'Us' – to be 'I' in any other context is to be singular.

Yet to be singular is to be successful. Who are our most favoured dramatists? Who but Ionesco, Tennessee Williams, Samuel Beckett and John Osborne. Much as Mr Osborne's heroes speak an authentic contemporary idiom, much as they physically resemble actual people in actual streets, yet their personal relevance to these streets and these people is no more than Peter Pan's. For Mr Osborne's heroes are invalids (George Dillon wants to be an invalid, but Mr Anthony Creighton won't let him) and Mr Osborne doesn't know. Splendid plays have been written about invalids – look at *Hedda Gabler* – but their authors have not supposed them to be rebels. Ionesco is more 'I', even, than Osborne – his shout is a shout from the interior of a closet: 'Come on in, the darkness's fine'. Tennessee Williams has interchangeable characters and routines: *Orpheus Descending* is the the *ur*-text, with nympho (as in *Streetcar*), a woman trading for pick-ups (as in *Suddenly Last Summer*), a death-doomed old man (*Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*), people waiting for a death so that they can get money (*Suddenly Last Summer*), and male flapper (*passim*). Mr Williams moves with force about these areas of experience, but it is as if the play is only the half of it, there is an enthusiasm over and above that which the play accounts for. Something personal has been left behind, but the play still mysteriously derives momentum from it.

Is Beckett the most successful vacuum-salesman of them all? Certainly not in *Godot*, less certainly in *All That Fall*. But the 'I' who wrote these plays appears to be backing steadily out of the 'Us' context into a context of nothing. The pin pricks as deep as ever, but only him.

Nothing singular about the commercial theatre: in the commercial theatre the universal behind begins to look like a pin-cushion. Multifarious are the pins arbitrarily (but ingeniously) inserted by dramatists who have them to hand and know well how to construct a play. No 'I', but plenty of 'Us'. Terence Rattigan, John Mortimer, Robert Ardrey, Peter Shaffer, are concerned with love, loneliness, oppression, charity, and love again: you feel they *elect* to be concerned. They do not basely eye an audience with a view to providing whatever may be required, yet you feel that – at a certain stage – a choice was made, *à la carte*, and that what is passed on to the audience has only the appearance of *table d'hôte*.

Mr Shaffer, indeed, comes perilously close to having written a 'problem' play, his characters are manœuvred outrageously in order to provoke a 'situation'. Mr Mortimer writes skilful anecdotes, but tends to smartness – smartness, the inclination in a dramatist to load a character with character in order to join the audience in patronising him. Mr Ardrey has no qualms about awarding his villain, Janos Kadar, two existences – one in his play and one in Hungary – and inviting us to accept them (the imagined and the real) as identical. This is not artful enough.

With Mr Rattigan, real life is never less than adjacent. Good acting parts are cunningly deployed, entertaining conflicts set spinning on their way, and a theme is provided which can be detached and pasted in an album, or thrown away with the programme according to taste. An evening in the theatre, indisputably. No pins here, not one, that cannot be extracted at the first sign of tarnish.

'I' plays and 'Us' plays – to categorise is to diminish. Having named the parts, let us hand them back for re-assembly and look about for an instance in which the 'I' and the 'Us' are reconciled. From the list of recently published plays below, I pick *The Balcony*. There is nothing here that could satisfactorily be called 'a theme' – there is simply the experience. Power as a fantasy is the experience that M. Gênet hands on to us, and what pin pricks more sharply than this? The play cries out, and we cry with it, as the images in the brothel walk out into the streets and solidify, as images of tyranny turn into tyrants, and dreams of potency lay waste a city as they may lay waste a world. M. Gênet's view of power as a charade motivated by inadequacy is vigorous, terrifying, but extremely jolly.

Perfectly brought off, it is an experience as personal as Mr Osborne's in *Look Back in Anger*, but not private; uttered with all Mr Rattigan's detachment, yet with an inevitability at the heart of the matter of which Mr Rattigan knows nothing. The primitive and the sophisticate are one, first person singular has been driven into first person plural, and the Lively Art is impregnably illustrated.

ROBERT ROBINSON

The Balcony, by JEAN GENET, *Faber*, 10s. 6d.; *Five Finger Exercise*, by PETER SHAFFER, *Hamish Hamilton*, 19s. 6d.; *Orpheus Descending*, by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS, *Secker & Warburg*, 12s. 6d.; *The Observer Plays*, preface by KENNETH TYNAN, *Faber*, 42s.; *Variation on a Theme*, by TERENCE RATTIGAN, *Hamish Hamilton*, 10s. 6d.; *Three Plays*, by JOHN MORTIMER, *Elek*, 10s. 6d.; *Duel of Angels*, by JEAN GIRAUDOUX, trans. CHRISTOPHER FRY, *Methuen*, 8s 6d; *Moon on a Rainbow Shawl*, by ERROL JOHN, *Faber*, 5s.; *Epitaph for George Dillon*, by JOHN OSBORNE and ANTHONY CREIGHTON, *Faber*, 10s. 6d.

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The Missing Snapshot

The Charm of Politics. By R. H. S. CROSSMAN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18s.

Here we all are: politicians and pundits; soldiers who write and writers who fight; British worthies and unworthies of the twentieth century: from Churchill to Ivor Bulmer Thomas, Chamberlain and Glubb; Toynbee and Eden; MacDonald and Wingate; Liddell Hart and Professor Oakeshott (and some foreigners, too, for good measure). As Auden, the true poet laureate of the Thirties, put it:

> The healers and the brilliant talkers
> The eccentrics and the silent walkers
> The dumpy and the tall.

Each man is caught by Mr Crossman's camera-eye in some all too characteristic attitude. These are clear, sharp, biographical snapshots, each of some 1,500 words or so; they first appeared in these columns.

And not such a bad showing, it seems to me, do we subjects make. From a generation or two of men and women who have often been called conformist, dull, flat and unprofitable, Mr Crossman has been able to pick out a few dozen rich, original and eccentric natures. I wonder if other periods of British history, which in retrospect seem so rich in personalities, could really exhibit stranger types than some of these? At any rate, Mr Crossman's wit makes us feel better about ourselves and our times.

Of course it is an impossible book to review. One can only give a few samples. On Churchill:

> So the light poured from his lighthouse unwaveringly upon the murky storm. It illuminated only a narrow segment, but *The Gathering Storm* is the record of how its limited but steady ray saved one ship from destruction.

On Toynbee:

> But maybe Toynbee's old-fashioned remedy for our present discontents will prove as practical as Locke's 300 years ago. Certainly I can think of no better contribution which the British universities and churches could make to this world of conflicting dogma and intolerant power politics than to revive the tradition of toleration and devotion to the pursuit of human happiness, which is Britain's unique contribution to Western civilization.

So, after all the usual denunciations, Mr Crossman agrees that Toynbee may be right after all. To write that was brave, for the far-famed British tolerance has this limit: you may be a Seventh Day Adventist or a Marxist, a Zoroastrian or a Logical Positivist, a Neo-Fascist or a Trotskist-Anarchist, and no one in the British intellectual establishment will do more than half raise an eyebrow. But say a good word for Toynbee—ah, no, that is going too far! Mr. Crossman had better look out for trouble.

And then, again, the book is not all personalities. There is this passage, for example, on the need for a Socialist literature:

> If I were challenged to say in a single sentence what is wrong with British Socialism, I should reply that it is bookless. The electorate can make do with the kind of popularization possible in an article or a broadcast; those who presume to form public opinion cannot. Since most Labour politicians and trade union leaders are unable themselves to study the changes in modern society, they need books to keep them in touch with reality. If the books are not there, their 'new thinking' will consist of picking up some new facts and arguments to confirm their old prejudices. There cannot be a vital Socialist Party without a vital Socialist literature.

The book, I repeat, ranges over the full gamut of contemporary personalities. Nevertheless, one snapshot is missing. One highly characteristic figure of our times, half politician, half pundit: crack journalist and pungent parliamentarian, but also highly qualified academic—Mr Crossman himself—is necessarily absent. But what would a Crossman essay on Crossman have been like? Perhaps the key to the essential message—for he has a message—of this discursive prophet is to be found in a sentence from his picture of George Kennan:

> But politics is the exercise of power, and political wisdom begins with the understanding that our task—this side of Eden—is not to abolish power politics and Great Power diplomacy, but to civilize them.

Mr Crossman has said the same thing of the social conflict in his new Fabian Essay: 'Just as Capitalism could be civilised into the Welfare State, so the managerial society can be civilised into democratic socialism.' Mr Crossman is at heart the great meliorist. And he is so passionate a meliorist precisely because there is savagery in him. He not only knows, and also feels, the dark aggressions of human nature. To quote Auden again:

> the fight
> Against the false and the unfair
> Was always worth it. So was gardening. Civilise.

JOHN STRACHEY

The Royal Moderate

Essays in Elizabethan History. By J. E. NEALE. *Cape.* 18s.

What opportunities we missed on 17 November this year, 'Accession Day', 'Queen Elizabeth's day', 'the Queen's holiday', and, this year, its quatercentenary! It was, men thought—after her death, in the disreputable days of James I—'the happiest day that ever England had'; and throughout the rule of King James's disreputable Scottish dynasty, it was celebrated with increasing jubilation and 'the ancient and laudable custom of burning the Pope'. In his introductory essay in this volume Sir John Neale gives a few examples of this excellent custom in London. In 1678 the bells began ringing at 3 a.m., and two hours later a great procession set out from Moorgate. The Pope was there, with his privy-councillor, the Devil, a troop of cardinals and Jesuits, and their victim, the people's martyr, Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey. When the procession arrived before the suitably redecorated statue of Queen Elizabeth at Temple Bar, 'the Pope, in all his grandeur, was toppled on to a huge bonfire'. A few years later the Stuart government, recovering control, forbade the burning of the Pope, but 'the factious people' drowned him instead, as I believe they still do at Lewes. In 1711 Dr Sacheverell joined the Pope, Devil and Cardinals in the procession which, once again, the Stuart government tiresomely obstructed. Once the Stuarts were finally disposed of, this laudable custom unhappily declined, and on 17 November 1858, Sir John tells us, 'neither heart nor mind responded. The leading article in *The Times* that day was on manure'.

Today, even if the Pope is unburnt, we can at least do better than that. After all, as Sir John remarks in another essay, we too have known ideological war and moments of crisis which reminded us, even at the time, of 1588; and we were then able to appreciate our great good fortune in having, at the head of our government, not a troublesome radical but a great conservative figure who could unite, not divide the nation. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth there were, of

course, plenty of fanatics. Their anti-Spanish, anti-Catholic virtue was unquestionable. But what would have happened had they been in control? One hardly dares to think. Fortunately, as Sir John says, 'the secret of that age is the unfanatical nature of the Queen. Through her control of foreign and domestic policy, England enjoyed the advantages of the liberals coupled with the dynamic of the fanatics'. Queen Elizabeth, I think, would not have cared for the seventeenth-century celebrations of her accession day; fond though she was of flattery, she would probably not relish the panegyrics published by some of her tub-thumping anniversarists today; but no doubt she would pay a debt of gratitude by knighting, as her successor has done, her greatest, most dedicated, and yet most balanced historian, J. E. Neale.

This is a book of essays, united by their subject and their uniform high quality. Historians already know most of them. Some of them are classics. But how convenient to have them together! And anyway, they are not written for historians only. Sir John Neale is one of those historians who can write equally for the professional and the layman, exciting the admiration of the former by his virtuosity, of the latter by his readability. Some of these essays excel in the first quality: but even so, they always make a clear point, of lay interest: they refute (for instance) the common idea that Queen Elizabeth was unduly niggardly towards the Dutch rebels, or that Sir Edward Stafford, her ambassador in France, sold state secrets to Spain. In fact, as Sir John shows (showed long ago, but there are even some historians who need to be reminded of it) he merely 'fed' the ambassador with misleading matter as part of his secret diplomacy. Other essays are less specialised than these. Sir John's Creighton lecture on 'The Elizabethan Age' is a marvellous example of his capacity to combine learning and readability, to grasp a complex subject and make it clear without over-simplification. And there are essays on the significance of Elizabeth's access, 'the Via Media in Politics', and 'the Sayings of Queen Elizabeth'. The last of these is prompted by a book written by an unfortunate Mr Chamberlin. The result is to relegate a number of her best-known sayings (though not, happily, her Tilbury speech) to that well-stocked literary limbo: the Apocrypha.

In any volume of essays a critic always finds a favourite. To me this book would be worth buying if it only contained one essay: that brilliant Ralegh Lecture on 'The Elizabethan Political Scene'. Some of the modern panegyrists of Queen Elizabeth strain their readers' credulity by insisting that everything, in those days, was right. They become, in the end, as tiresome as those others who see nothing but cannibalism and corruption. In this essay Sir John showed – far better and more briefly than it had ever been done before – the dark foundations upon which Tudor government rested: the world of patronage and clientage, parasitism and *douceurs*, and the constant pressure of Parkinson's Law, struggling to assert its universal validity. In Queen Elizabeth's day it had to struggle: under her successors, the resistance gave way. Salisbury, Bacon, Cranfield – these are the last defenders of Elizabethan control over a bureaucracy going wild, or rather rotten. Those who think of Sir John Neale merely as a panegyrist of Queen Elizabeth will do well to read this essay, which ends with the ominous words: 'the scandal and discontent caused by a putrefying political system helped to provoke the Civil War'. They will then realise that Sir John is really firmly placed in the *Via Media*. They will also realise why the seventeenth of November became, in the seventeenth century, a day of nostalgic celebration. Behind the burn-

The Shouting Dies Away

JEAN DENYS

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LONGMANS

ing of the Pope and his privy-councillor, the Devil, lay the recollection – the romantic recollection – of that little moment in which the English *ancien régime*, with all its social faults, had seemed (but only seemed) to hold in apparent perfection.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

More than Opportunity

The Boss. By ROY LEWIS and ROSEMARY STEWART. *Phoenix.* 21*s.*

The Rise of the Meritocracy. By MICHAEL YOUNG. *Thames & Hudson.* 15*s.*

With the acceptance in 1870 of Sir Stafford Northcote's recommendations that the Civil Service should recruit by competitive examination, a new and revolutionary doctrine entered British life. Up to that time much the greater part of society was governed by nepotism and wealth. Thereafter the idea that ability should be the main consideration has penetrated ever more deeply the national consciousness. Reluctantly, but unmistakably, the armed forces, local government, the universities, even the Foreign Office, have followed the Civil Service's example. During the same period, with the spread of public education, the catchment area from which talent could be drawn has been steadily widened until with the 1944 Education Act and the establishment of free grammar and university education, it now embraces the whole nation.

In business, however – which forms a very large part of British life – progress has lagged behind. Here the rights of private ownership are in direct conflict with the claims of talent. In *The Boss* Roy Lewis and Rosemary Stewart devote several chapters to a discussion of recruitment, advancement and success in British business. Although they succeed only in summarising and glossing the pioneering – but inadequate – works of Dr Copeman, Mr Clements and Miss Stewart herself, these broad conclusions emerge: that in all companies, but most of all in the family business, 'pull' plays an important part on the way to the top; that 'push' is the most essential quality of all; that the public-school boy has about ten times as many opportunities to get into management as the general population; that – of course – the Old Etonian does best of all.

The combination of personal aggressiveness, inherited wealth and old school tie which appears to fit people for business success is certainly unattractive. It is one reason why – in spite of expensive public relations – the public finds it very hard to love either the business man or his free enterprise system. But if bosses are not expected to be nice, they are expected to be able. It is not difficult to agree with the authors that as long as private business delivers the goods in terms of rising living standards, the bosses will at least be tolerated.

But can one assume such success? Much depends of course on what Governments do. But if business is to be efficient and competitive, if modern science and technology are to be fully exploited, if industry is to attract its proper share of talent, then class and family nepotism must play a much smaller part in the future than they do today. Already, the larger and more managerial corporations are adjusting their recruitment and promotion policies to these needs. Talent scouts conduct annual raids on Oxford and Cambridge, the public and grammar schools. Private and public enterprises now advertise their willingness to meet the costs of university education for bright young men – if only they will work for them afterwards.

Here, at least, are the portents of change. In *The Rise of the Meritocracy,* Michael Young's imaginary sociologist sums up our time – from the vantage point of the year 2033 – as one in which 'two contradictory principles for legitimising power were struggling for mastery – the principle of kinship and the principle of merit'. Measured by the standards of the future, it is also a golden age of equality. Those at the top could not say to themselves with real confidence, 'I am the best man for the job', because they owed so much to pull and inherited wealth; those at the bottom could say, with biological truth, 'Jack's as good as his master'. Thus inequality of opportunity 'fostered the myth of human equality'.

The golden age passes. Over the next 75 years – a shorter span than now separates us from the Civil Service revolution of 1870 – the 'principle of merit' wins a total victory. The testing and segregation of talented children, so unpopular in the 1950s, is increasingly perfected. When Sir Anthony Crosland recognises that brain-power is the nation's most important raw material, resources are at last lavished upon the education of the elite. Eton is soon eclipsed by the Manchester Grammar School. Next comes the conquest of industry. Not only nepotism but the claims of age and seniority succumb to those of ability. Once society is so organised that the talent of each generation is quickly detected, specially trained and later placed in positions of power, inequalities rapidly increase. Payment by merit (M = IQ + Effort) results in an ever-widening gap between the Men at the Top and those down below. For their part, the lower IQs are not only treated as inferiors – domestic service reappears on a large scale – they know they are inferior.

This is a harsh and pessimistic vision of the future. But it is certainly not implausible. With some modifications – above all, the marriage of the meritocracy with the plutocracy rather than the overthrow of wealth by talent – this is a reasonable projection of Mr Butler's Opportunity State. By focusing upon the present cult of equal opportunities and carrying its values to their logical conclusion, Michael Young has shown brilliantly the barrenness and inadequacy of a new society built upon it.

It would be a pity however if this important book was misinterpreted. It is not an argument against the selection of talent, still less a defence of inherited privilege. Essentially, it is a plea, to use Michael Young's own words, that 'equality be more than opportunity'; that it should include power, education and income, 'that equality should be made the ruling principle of the social order'. If the aim is a better society and not just a more efficient one, these are words to remember.

PETER SHORE

The Traveller's Eye

Time of the Mango Flowers. By RODERICK CAMERON. *Heinemann.* 30*s.*

Angkor. By MALCOLM MACDONALD. *Cape.* 42*s.*

Flowering Lotus. By HAROLD FORSTER. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

These are travel books about India, Angkor, and Java which have one feature in common: the author's enjoyment without patronage, the acceptance of different traditions without search for the exotic, the bizarre or the merely good copy. Roderick Cameron has the eye of an architect and a painter. Before visiting the country, he read every book on India he could find and *Time of the Mango Flowers* is an engaging trio of extracts from earlier visitors – chosen, I think, with much skill and sensitivity – of his own lively comments and of photographs, many of which have an unusual beauty. In a country where architecture has so much spiritual fertility and physical intoxication, Roderick Cameron's selective eye introduces the traveller to unsuspected details. My first desire when I next visit Bombay will be to find that exquisite *oeil-de-bœuf* window which he discovered in an old house. I should award him top marks for the great Yantra Samrat, or Prince of Dials in Jaipur, rising a hundred feet up into the sky, recording the time of eternity. Buildings attracted him most of all, though he was not indifferent to the slate-coloured, blue-eyed buffaloes, whose horns are washed olive-green in Jaipur and pomegranate red in Hyderabad, or to the great sacred tank with striped red-and-white walls cut across in a diagonal line by a railway with orange and yellow trains imported from Japan, streamlined and drawn by a diesel engine. The author visited most of the places recommended to tourists – Ellora, Ajanta, Elephanta, Kashmir, Udaipur, and, of course, Benares. There he took magnificent photographs of one of the octagonal platforms where the faithful meditate, and a Gauguinesque figure of a sadhu on his bed of thorns. Benares struck him as like Thebes 'in the times of the Pharaohs . . . to belong to the times of classical antiquity. There is not a shape, no contrivance, or gesture among the crowd to suggest our age'.

Malcolm MacDonald's book on Angkor would have been more satisfying textually if he had adopted Roderick Cameron's method, quoting from earlier travellers. Instead, he guides his readers at breathtaking speed through a thousand years of Khmer history, dropping more than one brick on the way. His history of the Khmers is in fact a jazzed, often humorous, summary of

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one book by an American, a short cut, where a more leisurely journey with some of the great French scholars would have been more worth while, if less picturesque. But his chapters on the ruins of Angkor are splendidly done. He achieves an intelligible account of rather complex architecture with religious significance and of that strange, concentrated world of its own, vast pyramidal towers, crouching stone lions, Siva's reclining bulls and frequent Naga snakes. I am glad he sat and stared at Banteai Srei, the most enchanting group of shrines, libraries, courtyards, galleries and moat in Khmer architecture. He himself took highly expert photographs, especially of bas-reliefs, but most of the 112 plates which alone would make *Angkor* such a desirable possession are by Loke Wan Tho.

Flowering Lotus is an excellent introduction to Indonesia. Harold Forster was sent out by the British Council to become professor of English in the University of Djogjakarta. His mind was open, his background was Greece. He soon found that Indonesian students were not 'inscrutable and impassive' but full of 'gaiety and restlessness'. He was immensely impressed by the passion for education. 'The thirst for learning, so long denied them,' he writes, 'was intense, as notable in the adults as in the streams of tiny brown dolls to be seen in every village, padding happily along the muddy pathways between the bamboo groves and the canals, proudly clutching their exercise books or slates.' Until the author of *Flowering Lotus* and his Greek wife could move into their own home they found adjustment difficult in the overcrowded Garuda Hotel and 'the slow-motion world of Indonesian bureaucracy'. They then became part of the country, strolling into the homes of artists and writers, for Djogjakarta has its own attractive *quartier latin*, watching shadow-plays and dances for which the town is famous. They visited Borobodur and Prambanan and the vast Buddhist complex known as the Thousand Temples, beautifully described in the chapter 'Hindu Heritage'. In Bali they met the young girls who danced at the Winter Garden a few years ago and then made a whirlwind tour of America and Europe. They giggled self-consciously as they turned over the pages of their albums of photographs and press-cuttings.

'Did you see our Western ballet?' I asked.

'Yes, at Covent Garden.'

'And did you like it?'

'Well,' hesitated one of the girls as she sought for words to express her feelings, 'it seemed rather . . . a sport!'

The gymnastic leaps and pirouettes of our style were evidently considered rather crude by Balinese standards.

Flowering Lotus is a freshly, often poetically, written book on Java. I hope Harold Forster will go back to Indonesia and write a book about the other islands.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

Recent publications on Asia include an American symposium on *Major Governments of Asia* (Oxford for Cornell, 45s.) edited by George McT. Kahin; a new volume of the Select Documents on Asian Affairs, *East Asia* 1947-50, edited by V. P. Dutt (Oxford, 52s. 6d.), and the second volume of the official history of *The War Against Japan* by Major-General S. Woodburn Kirby, and others (HMSO, 55s.). There is a third edition, edited by Percival Spear, of the late Vincent Smith's *Oxford History of India* (Oxford, 42s.); a fourth edition of Donald N. Wilber's *Iran, Past and Present* (Oxford, 40s.), and a completely revised and enlarged edition of John King Fairbank's *The United States and China* (Oxford for Harvard, 45s.).

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At Blackwall Boys

The Young Devils. By JOHN TOWNSEND. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

'Often,' says Mr Townsend in his preface, 'as I have sat in a staffroom listening to other teachers recounting their classroom adventures, the remark has been made that the public would never believe the situations that teachers face daily in what are politely termed "difficult" Secondary Modern Schools'. His is a book lively and accurate enough, perhaps, to dispel some of that disbelief; and hard-hitting enough to set a few inquests going. He describes, in a string of anecdotes that are often very funny, his first three years at Blackwall Boys. It is a school with everything against it – a poor Head, wretched buildings, a dizzily swift turnover of staff. There may be few schools as thoroughly bad as this; but there is none of its kind that doesn't suffer from some of the evils that Mr Townsend illustrates. Few schools have to put up with a Head quite so cowardly and hypocritical as Mr Crabbe: but Crabbeism – the refusal to be firm because firmness, wrongly defined, is thought to be out of favour – is something that, in some form or other, every teacher in schools like Mr Townsend's has encountered. About the scurry in and out of new staff that Mr Townsend rightly refers to bitingly again and again ('No one never stays wiv us') there is nothing fictitious. No one needs a firmer, more secure and coherent school background than the poor kids who fill Mr Townsend's pages with their wild behaviour; and no one, in too many pockets of our cities, is further from getting it.

It is difficult for anyone who knows how much that ought to be said has been usefully and acutely said in this book, to quarrel with its author. I think, though, that in his determination to show up purely educational defects he has said too little – or said it too obliquely – about the social conditions that produce his young devils. Now and then he himself appears a little too smartly forthright. His picture is not really complete without some indication of the benevolent forces that are always at work in teaching. They are strange forces, they wax and wane in any staff, they sometimes outweigh the most foolish headmasters, and they can't be starved by the most cheeseparing governments and local authorities. But educational policy can't be based on them. And Mr Townsend has shown, in his vivid, angry, reliable book, that in our educational policy there is much to be ashamed of. This is what happens under an authority that is introducing generous reforms as fast as it is allowed to; what can things be like in areas less liberal? One hopes that a few important readers of *The Young Devils* will be left with a cry in their ears: *No one never stays wiv us.*

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Foreword by
BERTRAND RUSSELL

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Edwardian Ladies

Elizabeth of the German Garden. By LESLIE DE CHARMS. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

The Gilded Lily. By ERNEST DUDLEY. *Odhams.* 18*s.*

Silver Platter. By ELLIN BERLIN. *Hammond.* 25*s.*

Inner and Outer Circles. By KATHERINE WEST. *Cohen & West.* 18*s.*

Of the ladies whose lives are offered for inspection in these four books 'Elizabeth' (Countess Von Arnim and later Countess Russell) is far and away the cleverest, Lillie Langtry (later Lady de Bathe) the handsomest and the wickedest, Mrs John Mackay the most vainglorious and stupid, and Mrs West, who only writes about her childhood, the most ordinary and innocuous.

'Elizabeth' reveals herself in this full-length biography as an extremely attractive character, always her spontaneous self in any situation, slightly mischievous but essentially kind and generous, with a passion for flowers, sunshine and dogs, a relish for the ironies and absurdities of life, and a poor digestion for husbands. ('Husbands have never altogether agreed with me.') She was born in 1866 and brought up in a happy-go-lucky family of six children, her father hating babies and leaving home to avoid them, her mother a sprightly, extravagant woman, given to 'perching' on strangers' knees aboard ship. At the age of 25 a middle-aged Prussian Count fell in love with her kittenish charms in Florence, married her, and carried her off to his bleak estate in Pomerania, where he proceeded to beget three girl-children on her in the first three years of marriage – the April, May and June babies of her books, named after the months of conception. Elizabeth was tiny, she weighed under seven stone; and compulsory child-bearing in Pomeranian conditions produced traumatic effects. Thenceforth she was lined up on the feminist side in the sex war and Count Von Arnim became the Man of Wrath. Although he managed to inflict two more unwanted children on her, her creative energy found a more congenial outlet in writing. The publication of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* in 1898 brought her instant and thundering success; and she earned her living by writing books – with diminishing returns in critical estimation – for the last forty years of her life. After her first Man of Wrath died she was fool enough to marry another in the late Earl Russell, who chastised her with scorpions; but by that time she was past the horrors of parturition and she soon made her escape to independence divided between her Swiss chalet, her Riviera villa and an occasional social round in London. She always preserved her fascinating originality and is known to have fired passionate devotion in a much younger man until well into her sixties. Her last love affair – and perhaps the most satisfactory – was with her dog, with whom she fled to the USA at the outbreak of the Hitler war.

Elizabeth was a brilliant, gushing, natural writer, finding the precise words to clothe her thoughts with a minimum of effort; and the copious extracts from her diaries and letters in *Elizabeh of The German Garden* can tell us what we want to know of her character far better than any biographer. In fact, Leslie de Charms, with the best intention of rehabilitating Elizabeth's literary status, has done her a great disservice by mentioning Jane Austen in the same breath on the very first page. Hackles rise at once. Reviewers pull on their severest boots to stamp on such nonsense. The Edwardians thought Elizabeth wonderful; *Punch* found her amusing; she made herself a lot of money by her pen; and when we learn that her cousin, Katherine Mansfield, detected in her 'a vulgar little mind', the indictment is surely conclusive, and the verdict of current literary opinion will be unfavourable. No admittance for Elizabeth to the pantheon of Eng. Lit.! But as a woman at odds with men and the rest of the human predicament, Elizabeth in her gallant, spontaneous acceptance of life stands, to my mind, far higher than Katherine Mansfield with all her moody, self-conscious introspection.

Lillie Langtry, the heroine or rather villainess of *The Gilded Lily*, was perhaps the most celebrated professional beauty of late Victorian and Edwardian days. Her vital statistics are not available; but her face, as portrayed in the many photographs with which the book is studded, might well have launched a thousand ships. Her customers at any rate were satisfied. According to Mr Dudley who spares no effort to denigrate her character, she earned mountains of jewels and fabulous sums of money in the course of her career of high-level prostitution, or courtesanship, to use a politer word: Edward VII was one of her first lovers and after him no one could be stingy. As Mr Dudley is unable to tell us what went on in bed, he follows her less interesting activities on the stage, where she was a bad actress but a great draw because of her notoriety. If Queen Alexandra really invited her to Edward VII's death-bed at Buckingham Palace, as stated, that makes two of his ex-mistresses present, as Mrs Keppel, too, had her invitation. One begins to wonder where Mr Dudley gets all his glib facts.

Silver Platter describes the determined rise of a poor American seamstress from a Nevada mining town into the highest English society (Edward VII and the Marlborough House set), on the strength of her second husband's making a gigantic fortune from a silver bonanza. Mrs Berlin, out of affection for her grandmother, makes great play with her *nouveau riche* adaptation to grandeur – as to the manner born, in fact. But the snobbery is open and appalling; and Mrs Mackay comes out worse than a *New Yorker* caricature of tycoonery.

In *Inner and Outer Circles* Mrs West has written some sensitive and utterly unpretentious reminiscences of her Edwardian childhood in Regent's Park and Surrey, of romps with Walter Leaf, her scholarly father, and fusses over health with her arty mother, the daughter of John

Addington Symonds. Mrs West was a tomboy in her day-dreams but a cissy girl in actuality. What, one would like to know, were her 'shameful memories which seize you by the scruff of the neck in the night'?

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Red Nose & Baggy Pants

On to Timbuctoo. By ANTHONY CARSON. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

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Pin a Rose on Me. By JOSEPHINE BLUMENFELD. *Heinemann.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Little Black Book. By CADWALLADER and NUDNICK. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Love is a Man's Affair. Edited by FRED KERNER. *Souvenir Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Many a True Word. Compiled by DENYS PARSONS. *Macdonald.* 5*s.*

Autumn in the publishing world is the season of mists and baggy-pants routines, the time for those slim volumes with wobbly writing on their dust-jackets to denote either rollicking bonhomie or print so *Punch*-drunk that it's rolling in the aisles. This year, buck-and-winging it across the stage like a boat-club opening chorus, the Follies mostly seem to hail from England. What are the items on the programme? In order of appearance, the answer's roughly as follows: Foreigners, Fantasies, the FO, Humours and Characters, Harassed Domesticity, Sex and Seduction, and Misprints. Try the list on your Freudian friends and let the chips fall where they may.

Anthony Carson, already known to NEW STATESMAN readers as the Basil Seal of the Continental Holiday, is what educated reviewers would call *sui generis*. His new book's title, admittedly, sounds a bit facetious; but like Sherlock Holmes's dog in the night, Timbuctoo is chiefly remarkable for its absence from these rambling pages. Nor, indeed, do squads of hapless pilgrims damply demand English breakfasts, beds, baths, and other unheard-of luxuries. The story, by turns farcical and curiously touching, is more personal and idiosyncratic than *Any More for the Gondola?* or *A Train to Tarragona*: it describes abortive attempts to get to the Azores by submarine and Parnassus by way of Fleet Street. Mr Carson clearly and rightly believes that to travel is better than to arrive, and that to prop up the bar in the Chaos Club is better than either; but if you're interested (and who is not?) in a nudist colony at Swiss Cottage, nautch girls on Blackpool pier, and a Middlesbrough con-

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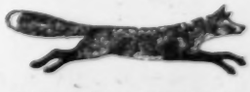

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MACMILLAN

jurer in Fez, Morocco, then I'll thank you to stop misting my spectacles with that eager breath of yours. Go and buy a copy for yourself.

East is East, and Mikes is pronounced Meecash; but the real joke here is not the comic foreigner so much as the fact that Mikes can smile and even frown at Asian peoples without giving offence. One of his basic principles, indeed, is that The Victim is Not Always Right. Like most of his later travelogues, this is a sharp-eyed, unassuming, kindly book, no belly-laugh but a gentle and knowledgeable chuckle. Nicolas Bentley's drawings struck me as mildly xenophobic; but then Mikes himself is better on the Japanese, whom he doesn't exactly hero-worship, than on the Siamese, whom he does. On Hong Kong and India, in particular, he's sympathetic and informative. On Turkey, in the final chapter, he seems far less well-informed.

More Caviar suggests the burning question, how much book would Art Buchwald write if Art Buchwald could write books? On this showing, not too much – though the lengthy description of his Russian tour (in a Chrysler Imperial) suggests that he might become expansive on the subject of Foreigners, East and West. Like *I Chose Caviar*, this is a further selection from his articles in the Paris *Herald Tribune*; but although it's heralded by tributes from Ustinov, Mankowitz, Nancy Mitford, Gilbert Harding, and other illustrious wags, it didn't tie me in knots. 'A Yank at Butlin's' is funny, but that's hardly surprising.

As a professional column-filler, Paul Jennings has Mr Buchwald beaten glad-hands down, not just with his poetic-Midlands, post-Chesterton fantasy, but with his whole subtle, slanting view of life. Maybe he's veddy-veddy British, maybe he ought to be illustrated by E. H. Shepard to bring out that middle-class Christopher-Robinish streak; but at his best, shouting to Harblow over the Interplanetary Walkie-Talkie ('This should really be called a Sittie-Talkie'), musing on trade journals and quizzical place-names, he's the most delicate, likeable, and intimate of English humourists.

Supermanship, the latest progress report from Station Road, Yeovil, unerringly parodies those chatty News and Notes columns that appear in house magazines. A new touch is its chilly reminder that 'International Lifemanship is lifemanship carried to a point which stops short only at deathmanship, or the art of winning the world without actually blowing it up'. New personnel include the bluff C. Sticking, and the moody Lawrenceman; new ploys cover Babies, Town versus Country, air travel, lecturing (deadly accurate), and reviewing (Ouch! Yaroo!). The fell G. Odoreida still attracts grudging admiration – as indeed does this whole rather creaky caper, as far as I'm concerned.

So, too, do Mr R. P. Lister's accomplished little poems, pleasant examples of light verse, but neither funny nor serious enough to be very enjoyable. Thin down some De La Mare with Betjeman and A. A. Milne, add a dash of diabolism, a few pastoral properties, and some downbeat last lines, and you have the approximate recipe; if you possess a metronome and a rhyming dictionary, the rest's up to you. About on the same level, I'm afraid, are Mr Lawrence Durrell's Antrobus stories, with very few exceptions. I much admire his *Justine* novels, but the anachronistic blend of Sir Harold Nicolson and P. G. Wodehouse in *Stiff Upper Lip* seems to me both slapdash and unfunny. But then even Peyrefitte on the same theme tends to leave me cold.

With *Tooth and Claw*, however, the present catalogue takes a turn for the better – the second half, if you like, after the intermission. Don't be put off by a rather lumbering introduction, but plunge straight into this hilarious natural history of the English – the Common Hubby, the Greater Harebrained Muscleman, and so on. Michael ffoulkes's drawings make an acid accompaniment to B. A. Young's text: the whole book is a good Christmas standby for any catty zoologist. *The Big City*, likewise, is an anatomy of English types, a brilliant modern pastiche of Mayhew's London, marred only faintly by hints of special pleading for the impoverished *bourgeoisie*. Ronald Searle's illustrations, in a fairly serious vein, are quite outstanding.

Searle also illustrates *The Dog's Ear Book*, in which Geoffrey Willans, of Molesworth fame, gets on all fours with the dog-lovers – not entirely, I suspect, with enthusiasm. The drawings, in their way, are brilliant; but this is one of those odd comic books in which Anglo-Saxon funsters chuckle at their supposed servitude to pets or wives or children, like Bertie Wooster's servitude to Jeeves. The point being, of course, that one of the pleasures of pets (and perhaps of families) lies in the exercise of power; while this motive, being unrespectable, has to be shrouded in mirth. Harassed Domesticity of this sort, to my mind, makes rather glum humour: but Elinor Goulding Smith, in her Dennis-the-Menace answer to Dr Spock, at least admits the power motive, and her satire bears the jammy thumb-mark of authenticity on every page. Josephine Blumenfeld, in *Pin a Rose on Me*, uses something of the same technique, this time among Top People; hers as the blurb puts it, is a Kensington *Diary of a Provincial Lady*. Her humour is quiet, with a pleasantly shy and self-possessed individuality; I enjoyed it far more than I'd expected.

The Little Black Book, subtitled 'A Manual for Bachelors', purports to tell you how to seduce women without actually marrying them. This joke has its limitations, since it's part of the convention that it must never get down to brass tacks and the hazards of alien underwear. The drawings are quite fun in a sub-Peter-Arno manner, but the text itself, all too redolent of sophomore bull sessions, gets pretty laboured before the end. So too, but more quickly, does Fred Kerner's anthology on a similar theme, from Ovid to Nina Farewell – whose *The Unfair Sex*, here quoted, was surely the definitive word on this rather hoary topic. To take the taste away, I strongly recommend Denys Parsons's *Many a True Word*, a further riotous collection of misprints (in association, as ever, with Gobfrey Shrdlu). At only five shillings, this *bonne bouche* is probably the year's Best Buy.

RICHARD MAYNE

Early Christians

Atlas of the Early Christian World. *Nelson.* 70*s*.

The compilers of this admirable production make it abundantly clear in their short and self-effacing foreword that, while their point of departure is visual, their illustrations have been chosen not necessarily for their fame or aesthetic merit but rather for their 'significance and illumination'. Nevertheless, the general reader may well feel on closing the volume that it is the aesthetic revelation that has made the greatest impact.

Had such a collection appeared half-a-century ago reaction would have been very different. Such admiration as these fourth-century sarcophagi and sixth-century mosaics might have aroused

would assuredly have been tinged with patronage; and the regret aroused by the sad falling-off from the exacting standards of the mighty past would only have been tempered by the reflection that the Christian message was, in fact, destined to find its perfect expression in the Cinquecento. For us today the evolutionary process, here conveniently summed up in a splendid collection of Imperial portraits from Tiberius to Valens, bears too strong a resemblance to that which, compressed and speeded up, European painting underwent between, say, Lord Leighton and Modigliani, to make the decline-and-fall theory any longer tenable. Or at least for those of us who can, albeit regretfully, turn a deaf ear to the authoritative voice of Dr Berenson issuing his *rappel à l'ordre* from the Arch of Constantine.

In this process, as the authors rightly point out, 'it is not the prevailing form – which is usually still that of late Classical times – but the Christian content which plays the determining role'. And half the value of the present work lies in the brilliant demonstration it affords of the truth that content will always, ultimately, mould form. Slowly these debased nymphs and clumsy philosophers stiffen and intensify; the lighting, arbitrary but still academic, breaks up into impressionism and is then slowly transformed into the other-worldly glow of Byzantium; miscegenation becomes increasingly common and those all too regular neo-Hellenic features are slowly modified by alien genes from Palmyra and the Fayyum. And then, in the age of Theodosius, we are suddenly made aware that we are face to face with an art which is no longer transitional, cannot be regarded solely as a stepping-stone to higher things or dismissed as a clumsy misinterpretation of traditional themes, but exists in its own right as the splendid affirmation of a completely new attitude not only to art but to life.

The brilliance with which the illustrations have been chosen and presented may, perhaps, tend to overshadow the immense value of the atlas as a work of specialised reference and general enlightenment. In particular the maps, admirably clear, while being assuredly of the utmost value to the specialist, are of absorbing fascination for the general reader. From but the hastiest study the present reviewer learnt, among much else, that there was once a Nestorian bishopric at Samarkand and that there is still an early Christian mosaic in Somerset. And that is not the sort of information one is likely to acquire every day.

OSBERT LANCASTER

An Ego and an Id

No Colours or Crest. By PETER KEMP. *Cassell.* 25*s*.

Cadenza. By RALPH CUSACK. *Hamish Hamilton* 18*s*.

My earliest impression of Mr Peter Kemp was as a small boy at a preparatory school; he was pink-and-white and cherubic and he was using a pen nib to tattoo his forearm with the words *pro patria mori*. The ink, doubtless, wore off in time, but the idea remained, for from the days of his late adolescence, when he fought in Spain for the Nationalists and somehow survived terrible wounds, he has devoted himself with extraordinary single-mindedness to being killed as violently as possible. That he has been unsuccessful appears the more incredible now that one may read the history of his egregious activities between 1939 and 1945. In the early years of the war Mr

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JOHN MURRAY

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Kemp again and again contrived himself a place in small fanatical bands of Englishmen trying to reach physical grips with the enemy. Then, in 1943 and under the auspices of the *louche* organisation SOE, he was parachuted into Albania to direct guerilla warfare against the occupying Italians, and for more than a year he was a key strand in a not-so-silken knot of Balkan intrigue. Civil war and victorious communism swept him from Albania; washed up, he was parachuted into Poland, taken prisoner by the Russians, and escorted urgently to Moscow; released, he was preparing to parachute into Czechoslovakia when VE day intervened. His book closes with the words 'There still remained the war with Japan'. Mr Kemp has a fantastic memory; not a name, not a date escapes him. This is a fascinating book, to be recommended not only as a stirring narrative of personal action but as a contribution to the history of the war in unseen creeks and backwaters.

Mr Ralph Cusack has a fantastic memory, too, but in a very different sense; indeed it would be hard to find two autobiographical works so utterly dissimilar. Mr Kemp takes a world maelstrom – and, one guesses, a personal one – and makes of it an orderly and precise narrative; Mr Cusack takes the ever-rolling stream and makes of it a series of diverse and dancing fountains related to each other only by the mind which controls them. He juggles with words, plays with them, throws them up in handfuls and catches them again. At times he lets them drop, sometimes noisily and apparently unnoticed, sometimes with the giggle of a clowning conjuror. It is not that he uses a very wide vocabulary but a very unexpected one; at his best he is brilliant, and let it be said at once that this is an immensely stimulating book. It has the inconsequence, the beauty, the peculiar sensation of experiencing truth disassociated from fact, that dream sequences may hold. The scene wanders, and, as in a dream, this brings no sense of anomaly; Ireland at the time of the Troubles, the West Coast of Scotland, a brothel in the South of France, each is an irrepressible fountain that will go on just the same when we turn to look at the next. ('Oh my dear God, I was thereupon catapulted to a much later day, flung out of my childhood bed forward to a moment from which it may be I had only fallen in.') There are, of course, echoes of many other writers: Rabelais 'I sang flamencos, doinas, fados, lasoos, laendler, dardanas, gopaks, ratchenitzas, frisses, saëtas, calypsos, horas'), the ebullient hyphenated adjectives of Hopkins and of Whitman ('precariously-uneven stones of the loch-lashed jetty to the vague heaving whiteness of the old green-gunneled four-oars'), Henry Miller, Gênet, and many others. But the final effect is individual, infused with the consciousness of *minutiae*, and of other, less than human, lives – birds and 'indeterminate creatures, some crustaceans, others almost insects, leaping up and down in confused parabolas'. The book ends with apparent death, foreshadowed a few pages earlier: 'And the paddle-floats thumped, the oscillators oscillated, the steam-whistle celebrated, the gulls wheeled, flying – and on we went, dying. Do you hear me?' But it will be a sad thing if Mr Cusack writes no more; indeed the title suggests that he will.

GAVIN MAXWELL

Round-Up

Historical Biographies

Most of these lives have handsome illustrations and pretty jackets and would make good Christmas presents. Few, however, succeed in getting to the heart of their subject. The most entertaining is Sir Marcus Cheke's *The Cardinal de Bernis* (Cassell, 25s). The life of this exquisite diplomat, the friend of Casanova and Mme de Pompadour, is written with an almost schoolgirl zest and gossipy detail which in this case seem appropriate to the subject. During the conclave of 1774 Bernis provided in his cell for the other cardinals 'platters of sugar-biscuits, pancakes, friandises, marzipan and sweets, coffee, chocolate and iced lemonade, transported daily in baskets to the Vatican by Bernis's private pastry-cooks'. J. B. Morton's *Marshal Ney* (Arthur Barker, 16s.) is a convincing apology for the unhappy man's double betrayal of Napoleon and Louis XVIII; off the battlefield, Ney was painfully stupid and ill-at-ease. As an autocratic lover, Napoleon appears again in Edith Saunders's *Napoleon and Mlle George* (Longmans, 21s.) a life of the actress (her celebrated beauty became engulfed in fat; described as the 'Venus of Paris' she ended up as the 'Whale'). The cliques and rivalries on the Parisian stage are almost more interesting than her amours.

The Stuarts by J. P. Kenyon (Batsford, 25s.) is another attempt to describe the human nature of the great, with a chapter on each Stuart monarch. This is a readable and intelligent book, although too brisk to explain successfully the only Stuart who ever seemed inhuman, Charles I. Dr Kenyon makes sweeping statements: *e.g.*, Buckingham had 'the dark blue eyes of the highly-sexed'. Mary Stuart's subtlety and charm always make a telling contrast with the Biblical cragginess of John Knox; he is the hero of *Thundering Scot*, by Geddes MacGregor, an unpretentious biography (Macmillan, 25s.). In comparison *Naked To Mine Enemies: The Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, by Charles Ferguson (Longmans, 25s.) is far too long and written in the most inflated historical language. Although every known detail is included of Wolsey's life and times ('parlous', in Mr Ferguson's words), the great statesman's character and motives are still hidden from us. To duchesses; Louis Kronenberger's *Marlborough's Duchess* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 25s.) a new life of Sarah, weighted down by too much well-known and irrelevant political history; and *The Lost Duchess*, by D. A. Ponsonby (Chapman & Hall, 18s.) about Louise of Saxe-Coburg, the Prince Consort's mother.

H. F. L.

Literary Scholarship

The second volume (Routledge, 45s.) of Professor Bullough's five-volume project, *Narrative and Dramatic Sources of Shakespeare*, completes the record of the Comedies begun in the first, and prints some rare texts – *e.g.* Lodge's *Rosalynde*, the major source of *As You Like It* – which specialists will be glad to have at hand. The same specialists will not need to be told that 'sources' must be taken in a wide sense: much of the time is spent with remote analogues. No question but this is growing into an important work of reference. In *Shakespeare and the Allegory of Evil* (Oxford, 45s) Mr Bernard Spivack, an American scholar, begins and ends his study of the dramatic presentation of evil with Othello's Ancient, occupying the body of the book with the Psychomachia, the Morality, the Vice, and with the details of the development towards Shakespeare's villains: good writing and some criticism here, as well as learning. Professor G. R.

Elliott's *Dramatic Providence in Macbeth* (Oxford. Princeton. 40s.) is altogether slighter, carrying the now fashionable Christian interpretation of Shakespeare to extremes. The opposition between self-centred remorse and Christian repentance is his main theme, and he says some good things by the way. So does Professor Edward B. Partridge whose metaphor-and-imagery study of Jonson's major Comedies (*The Broken Compass*, Chatto & Windus, 25s.) struck me as unnecessarily difficult. Chirpy in address, tough in argument, it should be added to the short list of things worth reading on Jonson.

Methuen's have launched their Revels Plays (modelled on the New Arden Shakespeare) with Middleton and Rowley's *The Changeling*. A handsome book, professionally edited by N. W. Bawcutt (18s.). And Hutchinson's have re-issued A. P. Rossiter's *English Drama from Early Times to the Elizabethans* (21s.)—a nice tribute to the ablest Cambridge English don of his generation, and to a book which is still the best introduction to its subject.

J. J.

Tights and Tutus

I can only recommend Ivor Guest's *Adeline Genée* (Black, 30s.), Elizabeth Frank's *Margot Fonteyn* (Chatto, 21s.) and A. H. Franks's *Beriosova* (Burke, 25s.) to those whose literary judgment is somewhat blurred by enthusiasm for their chosen ballerina, since the authors of these biographies are handicapped by the fact that their subjects are still living. It is the extraordinary and intimate details of human nature that are the real interest of all good biography. Unfortunately the live victim will not willingly suffer curious facts and imaginative ideas to be published about his character. Therefore only the boldest writer or publisher will risk the recriminations and libel suits that are likely to follow any determined attempt at analysis of a flesh and blood celebrity. It is easier to say sweet nothings. Here are three superficial portraits, backed by long lists of theatrical triumphs: ovations and bouquets and adulation, details of the roles in which each individual achieved her greatest successes. The tears and the aching bunions, the frustration of theatrical life are not shown to counterbalance the public pæans. One would like to learn about each ballerina's special temperament: the causes rather than the effects of her artistry. These causes are, of course, infinitely complicated, but only Elizabeth Frank, in her portrait of Margot Fonteyn, tries seriously to give some hint of the personal qualities and sensibilities that have made this dancer into a great artist. Mrs Frank is altogether more lively and broad-minded in her outlook, than are either Ivor Guest or A. H. Franks, both the men being unshakeably reserved about their heroines, except for expressions of admiration. Mr Guest, for instance, gives little idea of Madame Genée's well-known devotion to the technical side of ballet.

Baron's Ballet Finale (Collins, 42s.) and *Mike Davis at the Royal Ballet* (Oldbourne, 25s.) are, in the main, both photographic orgies amid tights and tutus, with notes or short articles by a variety of ballet pundits. In both books there are redundant pictures, but also many that will give pleasure to ballet devotees at Christmas. *The Ballet Annual, 13* (Black, 25s.), indefatigably edited by Arnold Haskell, covers the year's work, the exodus of British ballet masters to Germany and Austria, with reports on dancing activities over a great part of the world. Doubtless ballet annuals will soon be seeping out of such unexpected places as Turkey and Japan.

A. F.

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A Rather Beautiful Animal

ONE of the almost symbolical acts I indulged in on being demobilised in 1919 was to take out a subscription to the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, and I think I remained a persistent reader until the outbreak of another war – exactly the period covered by this selection of critical essays. For many years I kept my *NRF*'s in annual bundles, feeling that I might wish some day to refer to an article or a poem that had impressed me. I do not remember ever going to that trouble, and finally the bundles were, with some relief, surrendered as war-time salvage. Mr O'Brien, however, kept his bundles, or has consulted them in some library, and the result is a volume* to be welcomed by all who have a nostalgia for those days when Paris seemed to be, in the words of Denis de Rougemont, 'the geometric locus of the modern adventure'. To the outsider in London, Madrid, New York or Berlin this 'locus' had its centre in the review which André Gide and his friends had founded in 1909. Gide remained what Mr O'Brien calls 'the chief mover and *eminence grise* of the venture' throughout the period covered by this volume, and to Gide, no doubt, we owe what was always the review's most distinctive quality – its eclecticism. It never sought to propagate the narrow views of a school or clique: intelligence was its only criterion. As, indeed, it was of an English review that was, even to its typographical appearance, modelled on the *NRF* and named the *Criterion*. But a comparison of the English review and the *NRF* would at once reveal a difference. The French review could rely on contributions from within its own territory – Gide, Valéry, Thibaudet, Claudel, Mauriac, Romains, Gabriel Marcel, Charles du Bos, Benda, Maritain, Fernandez, Breton, Suarès, Alain – there seemed to be an inexhaustible source of brilliant talent. The *Criterion*, on the other hand, as well as the *Neue Deutsche Rundschau* and the *Revista de Occidente* which were the German and Spanish equivalents, were compelled to adopt a self-conscious 'European' policy, and to draw generously from these same French sources. Whatever may be the situation now, there is no doubt that for the years in question, the years between the two wars, the critical intelligence of Europe was the French intelligence.

The eclecticism was perhaps a little confusing to the outsider. Great battles were being fought, between classicism and romanticism, between humanism and religion, between authority and freedom, and one found oneself swayed first to one side, then to the other. But what was emerging, as Denis Saurat shows in one of the best of the reprinted essays, was a third force, a specifically 'modern' style, which he diagnosed as 'the pursuit of sensation'. The classicists sought reason, the romanticists sought passion, but the moderns had shattered both reason and passion, and declared that the only reality is sensation – what the senses perceive, what the being feels at the moment he feels it. The enemy of sensation is persistence. 'Habit kills sensation: the self is a habit, a bad habit, from which death will bring us blessed relief,' says Proust. Saurat was not out to defend modernism – it had brought with it the cult of instability, the absence of universality, the negation of intelligence, of sentiment, of reality, of self. But he pointed out that two great qualities had been brought to literature and given a level hitherto unknown – total sincerity and total courage. 'Never has anyone confronted the whole truth as does Proust, or, for that matter, Mauriac or Montherlant. Never has anyone faced total death like the moderns.' Our modern man, concluded Saurat in 1931, has been, after all, a rather beautiful animal.

The main attack on this rather beautiful animal came from Julien Benda. I confess that I myself was for some years re-routed, as they say on the railways, by this mordant and implacable critic. My disillusionment did not come until I met the man, about the same year that Saurat published his essay, and was repelled by a nature so insensitive to beauty. Obviously one so lacking in æsthetic enjoyment could not appreciate a life of sensation (in Keats's sense of the phrase). I can still respond to his call for intellectual integrity, but he confused order with authoritarianism and humanism with rationalism, and was indifferent to charity. He did not come to a sad end, like Ramon Fernandez or Drieu la Rochelle; but what remains of all his polemical fury?

This volume does not include the poetry and fiction which always accompanied the critical articles in the *NRF*, nor does it give any idea of the detailed chronicles of the theatre, the art galleries and the concert halls which kept the reader informed of current events. I had forgotten how great a place Dada had occupied in its pages, and that André Breton on the occasion of the International Surrealist Exhibition in London (1936) had turned to England ('despite everything') for a manifestation of a 'European conscience' that would arbitrate tirelessly between those two wretched nationalisms that were then threatening to tear at each other like dogs. Alas, we did not live up to his expectations: we failed to create that collective myth which might, he said, be realised by a combination of our language and our economic power. 'To recognise her power, I had no need to be in London, where it spreads its wings over every old stone. It is revealed to me with the utmost clarity at every turning point in history, and, I might say, at every turning point in legend, indeed, wherever man has recorded for other men deeds performed or possible of performance for exalted ends.' To have evoked that tribute from a critic so hieratic and so intransigently Gallic as Breton seems in retrospect, to one who had some part in organising it, to justify the 1936 exhibition. But alas, where is surrealism, where is our collective myth?

To review the book adequately would be to pass judgment on an intellectual epoch, and the time has not come for that. In the long run even the 'collaboration' of intellectuals like Drieu may seem venial, for their idealism was never in doubt and time has not yet justified their opponents. Europe remains corrupt. The true intellectual remains incorruptible, and it is only integrity that counts. But in general we may repeat the words that Jacques Rivière wrote for the first issue of the *NRF* when it reappeared after the war in June 1919, and which Mr O'Brien compares with the pages that Jacques Copeau had written for the first issue of all in 1909. Although the war has brought about many changes, Rivière said, it has not touched this fact: literature is literature and art is art. And he continued:

> It is possible that the war diminished the importance of art and literature among human preoccupations – we shall see – but it was unable to modify their essential nature. In spite of the millions who have died, it is as true today as it was yesterday that a work of art is beautiful for absolutely intrinsic reasons which can be determined only through a direct study of the work, through a sort of hand-to-hand struggle with it. In spite of a mountain of ruins, it remains true today that artistic creation is an original act, that above all, perhaps, to create is to feel, to want nothing but what one is doing. Therefore, today as yesterday in spite of any possible scruples, it is still necessary to purify the æsthetic atmosphere and to keep it clear of all irrelevant influences.

In the forty years that have passed since Rivière wrote these brave words there has been another world war and the aftermath of a great and bloody revolution. Science has transformed our knowledge of the physical world and technology our way of life. But these words remain as apt today as when they were written, and there are still a few bastions, of which the revived *NRF* is one, to defend their truth in a world obsessed with destruction and death.

HERBERT READ

* *NRF – The Most Significant Writings from the Nouvelle Revue Française*, 1919-1940. Edited by JUSTIN O'BRIEN. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 25s.

At Dawn

Where the paint cracks, refracted in his gaze
A red geranium in the window-box
Of any terrace house, means more than meadows,
A single flame kindled against the grime,
Element of his kind, means more than sunrise
Blazing as ever on bare indifferent hills.

A lighted window three streets away –
Or one small ray that sets the glass on fire? –
London at dawn the broken man reflects,
A hint of summer frocks, brightness contained,
Before day's prism breaks her grey composure,
Housefronts assume their numbers, disgorge
their ghosts.

Time in the park, within the traffic's roar,
Pattern of light and shade the tall trees make,
The dead friend met – or time in the sea's waves
That has no patience with the dead or living?
Only what men have broken and men repaired,
Time, light and landscape mastered, he approves.

A red geranium against familiar grime,
Where the paint cracks, and once another
watered
Carnations in a window-box more green
Deflected from his gaze, he draws the curtains.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

New Novels

The Phantom Limb. By HAMILTON JOHNSTON. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

Eight Days. By GABRIEL FIELDING. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

A Foreign Affair. By ANDREW GRAHAM. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

Tea at Shadow Creek. By GEOFFREY COTTERELL. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 16*s.*

The Man with Two Shadows. By ROBIN MAUGHAM. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Readers who happened to enjoy, or not to enjoy, Mr Hamilton Johnston's comic book, *The Doctor's Signature,* must shut it right out of their minds. *The Phantom Limb* isn't funny at all; it is one of the saddest and most absorbing books I have read for months, and certainly I can at this moment think of no second novel which has been so astonishing an advance upon a first. Let me try to place it, though this is hard. It isn't entirely what we call, in the jargon, 'serious', though it is nearly that; there are one or two bad psychological slips, there is too Edith Wharton-like a reliance upon the Furies, and there is a melodramatic ending which adds nothing at all. Mr Johnston, himself a doctor, has the readability of Somerset Maugham without the assurance; at present his work has something in common with the very best work of the late Dennis Parry. I suspect the trouble is that he doesn't take himself quite so seriously as he ought – that he hasn't got the valuable touch of megalomania a novelist of his kind needs. But that may come in time, perhaps with the encouragement I hope this particular book is going to get.

The Phantom Limb is the story of Dr Cornwall, an earnest GP in his early forties, who lives in the fantasy-world of an old love-affair. His wife, who is quite dreadful, is made more so by his kindly, considerate lovelessness; she persecutes him with her suspicions, which (there is an amazing double-take here) turn out to be far more dotty than one has supposed. He pursues his dream of true love with a pretentious but fundamentally good little patient, and with the wife of his locum. He involves himself dangerously, out of compassion, with a grandiloquent psychopath called Grundy. He doesn't involve himself sufficiently with an old man who is making a fool of himself over a perfectly beastly housekeeper. And all these things, working together, bring him to a Whartonesque, Hardyesque doom.

There is a faint comic shine over some of the pages, and over all of them an intense interest in people. Splendid use is made of clinical experience, especially experience of morbid psychology. Where Mr Johnston does sometimes fail is through attaching some bizarre behaviour which he has obviously observed to some character incapable of it; I do not believe in the locum's treatment of his wife while she was pregnant. In fact, the book has many such flaws. Yet I can't get it out of my mind.

Mr Gabriel Fielding is so well-endowed a writer that I dislike seeing him make propaganda for the Roman Catholic faith as writers in the Thirties used to make it for the Communist Party. There is so much earnestness wasted on this that should have gone to making a better book. *Eight Days* is about a prison doctor, a recent convert, who goes out to an international zone in North Africa in order to find out what effect his conversion has had on him. (Why should he do that? – you may well ask. It seems to me no more than a novelist's device for getting a character to a certain place.) When the hero, whose name is Chance, settles down, he finds himself in a whirlpool of moral and political intrigue, tempted by a woman with 'violet-coloured' eyes, 'very slightly oblique', lacking 'depth, as though some third invisible eyelid, a gauze, were permanently in place behind them'. Mr Fielding deals with his eight days in a maddeningly allusive fashion, spinning out the hours as you have to spin them out, if you are going to subject a novel to an artificial time-scheme. He appears to me, at the moment, theologically but not æsthetically earnest. Does he really believe in the story he is telling? And is he telling it because it seems to him worth while in itself, or because it makes a good propaganda vehicle? Perhaps I am hard on this novel. But, as I say, he is a writer with certain special qualities, and I wish he would build his literary house upon a rock instead of upon these quaking sands on which Horab Greenbloom just managed to walk, and Dr Chance founders.

A Foreign Affair is about diplomatic goings-on in an imaginary country of South East Asia. It is irreverent and great fun. Mr Graham hasn't written a book which adds up completely, but all the little figures in the margin are fascinating. The novel has that charming air of letting the reader into secrets he shouldn't really be told, and flatters our national character at those points we adore and deplore most. Wily we are, bless our hearts, ruthless, amoral, and how devilish attractive! I insist on believing in the Ambassador, in Joe Parker, who claims to be a mining official but is really attached to the British intelligence service, in the murderous old Queen Dowager in her Balenciaga gown, in Chang, the Oriental Jeeves. *A Foreign Affair* comes off better than *The Club* did; it is even more tart, and it is better composed. I have to admit that all Mr Graham's targets are sitting pigeons; but good Lord, some people even manage to miss *them*!

Mr Geoffrey Cotterell is a writer of high, euphoric talent who, for the moment, has absolutely nothing to say. He manages to keep the reader reasonably amused, however, by his account of an amiable bounder on the voyage out to Australia and on his journeys there as a commercial traveller. He meets a rich girl on the boat and loses her; he takes a comradely interest in a plain one; he is promoted by his boss. And that is really all. *Tea at Shadow Creek* has the air of a travelogue presented by a singularly lively commentator; it has also something of the air of a sales-talk. Still, it is an effective sales-talk. One wants to go from Adelaide to Melbourne to Alice Springs; a good breeze blows off the land and the spirits lighten. It sounds fair dinkum.

It puzzles me, however, when I try to visualise a writer as shrewd as Mr Cotterell solemnly sitting down to work with no more idea of composing a book than he appears to have had this time. I even suspected that the author, as he approached the final chapters, was saying to himself, 'Now, shall Charlie have the girl, or shan't he?' – and tossing a coin.

Robin Maugham's *The Man With Two Shadows* hovers in that curious No Man's Land between the straight novel and the thriller. The hero, who is engaged on security work in North Africa, is suffering from an appalling head wound. He is anxious to conceal this from his superiors, so when he finds himself having blackouts for long periods, he tells nobody about them. When he was a child he had an imaginary playmate called Tommy, a kind of amoral *alter ego* who seems to have retreated from his life altogether; yet when Peter blacks out, Tommy takes over, and the results are disastrous. This is a neatly-built story with an excellent climax. Books of this kind nearly always trickle into sand at the end, leaving the reader with an itch of disappointment; this one provides a legitimate surprise. It is something of a pity that Lord Maugham hasn't worked harder with his characters. For a book on this particular borderline to be a total success, the people need far more subtlety of presentation than they usually get.

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HAMISH HAMILTON

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A general history of Spain for English readers has long been needed, but a formidable task awaits anyone courageous enough to undertake it. He must be able to cope with Hannibal as well as with Franco; he must have an understanding of Arabs and Basques and Catalans as well as of the inhabitants of Castile. Professor Livermore has bravely set out to provide a clear and balanced picture of the complex history of a complex country, and has produced a connected narrative packed with useful information on everything from the origins of Spanish civilisation to the Law of Succession in 1947. He is generally accurate and reliable, although he twice calls the twelve-year truce with the Netherlands in 1609 a nine-year truce, and his explanation of Lerma's dealings with the Valencian aristocracy will not command general assent.

Yet any reader who comes to this book with a desire for more than information may well find himself putting it down with a certain feeling of despair. Professor Livermore will tell him *what* happened and *when* it happened, but not

very often *why* it happened, or what its consequences were. This is the result of a self-denying ordinance which most readers are likely to regret. He explains in an 'afterword' that he has deliberately eliminated some conclusions from the text and left the interpretation of Spanish history to a separate study, so as not to 'forestall the reader's own judgments'. It is all very well to let the facts speak for themselves, but much depends on the nature of the facts presented, and on the method of their selection. It is asking much of the reader to form his own judgments on the basis of the facts here put before him, for Professor Livermore's facts are overwhelmingly political and dynastic. The reader is taken carefully through the civil wars in fifteenth-century Castile and Catalonia, but remains ignorant of the social upheavals that gave birth to them. He will not know that sixteenth-century Spaniards read the works of Erasmus or eighteenth-century Spaniards those of the *philosophes*, with consequences that ought not to be overlooked in any general history of Spain. He will fail to discover exactly what Ferdinand and Isabella did, or did not do, for Spain's economy, or indeed why the nation they created appeared so dramatically at the very forefront of the European stage in the sixteenth century; and although he is told that Mendizábal appropriated ecclesiastical property in 1836, he will have no clue as to the social and political consequences of the appropriation, or as to its impact on the Spanish Church itself.

It is understandable that Professor Livermore should be anxious to avoid fashionable and facile interpretations of Spanish history based on dubious theses about 'race' or 'culture'. But it is sad that he has gone so far to the other extreme, and attempted to give a detailed, 'impartial' narrative which itself appears inadequate and partial because it is based on a preponderance of facts drawn from political history. It is all the more sad because it is clear from the afterword that Professor Livermore has interesting views about Spanish history which he has not allowed himself to put forward in this volume. As a result, he has produced a useful compendium when his book might have been so much more. But the 'separate study' that he promises will be awaited with the greatest interest by all those readers who have put down the present volume still wondering what it is all about.

JOHN ELLIOTT

A Walk Round the Wood

The Chequer'd Shade: Reflections on Obscurity in Poetry. By JOHN PRESS. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

Mr Press combines, rather cunningly, in this book a winning manner, calculated to put the Aunt Ednas of the poetry world at their ease, with a fine loyalty to the standards of the great, difficult critics. Sometimes, perhaps, the relaxed manner trips him up. He seems to suggest, early on, that Mallarmé and Hopkins both got their syntax from Browning. Had Mallarmé read Browning with sympathy? The two poets seem to me poles apart. We know, anyway, that Hopkins disliked Browning. I would say that these three poets were distorting syntax, in only very roughly comparable ways, for three quite different reasons. But Mr Press's book should not be taken as literary history, but as an informal excursion by a man of reading and taste, a walk round the outskirts of the sacred wood with a pleasant and cultured guide.

Mr Press starts off, sensibly, with syntax. Poets distort prose syntax for many reasons, for concentration, for a peculiar effect of Horatian tessellation as in this stanza of Cotton's:

> Night as clear *Hesper* shall our Tapers whip
> From the light Casenents where we play,
> And the dark Hagge from her black mantle strip,
> And stick there everlasting Day–

or for – Mr Eliot's phrase – 'fidelity to thought and feeling'. Poetic thought is as much of its own kind, as invulnerable to prose canons, as poetic syntax; and Mr Press notes, for instance, how the inconclusive circlings of Tennyson's meditative verse still ring a bell for those who 'have made a precarious truce with their own uncertainty'. He notes also that, in an age like our own without a unified culture, it must be a puzzle, often, to find out just what the poet is talking about. Yet I am surprised that he should find these lines of Auden's obscure in that way:

> The tall unwounded leader
> Of doomed companions, all
> Whose voices in the rock
> Are now perpetual,
> Fighters for no one's sake,
> Who died beyond the border.

Mr Press is very good on the fault in readers that makes them jib at legitimate difficulties in poetry: a hard-cored cleverness, a reluctance to grope and struggle, to confess (even for a moment) incapacity. He is equally severe, however, on the ink-clouds under which some cuttlefish poets conceal, in Mr Graves's words, 'their unhappy lack of a secret.' He notes the roots of some kinds of obscurity in the polarity between a bewildering and chaotic outer world and an inner world as

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private, sometimes, as a mad-house cell; yet the difficulty of modern poetry is just as much due, he thinks, to a purely technical revolution, the substitution, since the romantic period, of 'qualitative progression' for 'rational progression' as the typical structure of a poem. Finally, Mr Press draws attention to the affinity of poetic with mystical experience. As a sympathetic popular introduction to a prickly subject, his book could hardly be bettered. Yet he could go deeper; and one would like him, on some future occasion, to ditch Aunt Edna, and to plunge right into the wood.

G. S. FRASER

Behind the Great Wall

Flood Tide in China. By C. P. FITZGERALD. *Cresset.* 25*s.*

The Serpent and the Tortoise. By EDGAR FAURE. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

Red Carpet to China. By MICHAEL CROFT. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

The Chinese Smile. By NIGEL CAMERON. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

The returning former resident of Peking, says Professor Fitzgerald, feels as if he had not been away for a mere six years but for a century or more; and such is the tempo of progress in China today that the average hot-from-the-press description dates as rapidly as a song hit. Nevertheless, although written before the 'great leap forward', the offshore flare-up, and the introduction of the communes, all these books have sufficient merit in their several ways to escape being dubbed ephemeral.

Professor Fitzgerald, who was a witness of the Communist victory, and wrote an outstanding book on its causes – *Revolution in China,* published in 1952 – returned to China in 1956 as head of an Australian Cultural Delegation. Thus he was able to cap his continuing studies of the unfolding revolution with up-to-date personal experience of the new regime. The result is a most lucid account of the People's Republic's achievements and policies. These owe more to history than is generally appreciated, and a valuable by-product of the work is that it does show how and in what fields historical continuity has operated. A chapter on Peking dwells on the paradox of a proletarian revolution revelling in the glories of an Imperial city; another on the scholar class explains why so many of the regime's elite are descendants of the mandarinate (even a brother of the penultimate Emperor is in favour, and holds office as Director of the National Stud); religious policy is shown to be in harmony with historic Chinese attitudes; and the language reform programme, and developments in art and literature, are put into their historical context. There is a timely chapter on the peasants, which may help to explain even to the prophets of catastrophe why they have welcomed Mao's policies, and a penetrating analysis of China's relations with foreign powers.

The lessons for Western diplomacy implicit in Professor Fitzgerald's account are obvious enough: they form the main thesis of M. Faure's book. He sets out to demonstrate the absurdity of the fact that 'juridically and diplomatically, for a great part of the west, Mao Tse-tung and the China of Mao Tse-tung do not exist'. He adds the weight of his considerable authority (for even in France it is quite an achievement to have been twice Prime Minister) to those who argue for closer relations with China; and hopes that the chasm dividing that country from the West will be spanned just as the forbidding width of the Yangtze has been conquered by the great bridge thrown across from the Serpent to the Tortoise, the two promontories from which M. Faure's book derives its name. First-hand support for his views he draws from his trip to China in 1957, during which he had conversations with Chairman Mao, Premier Chou, and other leaders. As a statesman he is mainly interested in what makes the political and economic wheels go round; and the rectification campaign, which was on everyone's lips when he arrived, provides him with fascinating material for special study, in conjunction with the ensuing anti-rightist campaign. The book shows signs of hasty production. Against all the other evidence, both the blurb and the writer's own introduction declare that he went to China in 1956 and not 1957; and anyone who looks at the economic appendices will be warned against taking them too seriously when he reads that the price of a box of matches is four-fifths that of a packet of cigarettes. The wage scales given are much too low, as can be seen by a comparison with figures quoted in the body of the work. However, these are unimportant blemishes in a book which makes a most timely plea for a more realistic attitude towards China.

Inevitably M. Faure writes mainly on political problems; but Mr Croft, who is a novelist and founder of the National Youth Theatre, is mainly interested in people. Six weeks on the delegation merry-go-round gave him the material for his book. He confesses he knew practically nothing of China and Communist affairs before the trip and, objective as he tries to be, he is still haunted occasionally by the spooks of general anti-Communist propaganda. A touch of novelist's licence no doubt adds greatly to the readability of his account, and does not detract too much from its authenticity, provided the reader does not take too seriously the stock delegation jokes about tapped wires, over-attentive waiters, and interpreter-spies. But it is undoubtedly not as a contribution to our understanding of China that this book will stick in memory, but as a classic account of delegation life. Mr Croft is very good on the round of visits and jollifications, the idiosyncrasies of interpreters and delegates, and the clash of personalities in the oddly assorted international youth delegation. The news from Suez and Hungary bursts upon them and intensifies the drama of their situation, providing Mr Croft with an excellent climax.

As a member of a delegation and so largely subject to the tyranny of 'the Programme', Mr Croft did not have as much chance to mix freely with the people as he would have liked. Mr Cameron was under no such handicap, for his only companion was the photographer Brian Brake, who contributes some excellent photographs to his book. Consequently he gets a little closer to the truth about life in China today. Outside Peking he got off the beaten track more than most visitors do, and in the capital he wisely made friends with a young pedicab driver, whom he even took on a picnic outing to the Great Wall. Such contacts, as I discovered myself this year, are much more illuminating than officially organised expeditions. Mr Cameron was also impressed, as I was, with the similarity of spirit in China today and in wartime England, despite the difference in our political systems. Indeed, all these books in their different ways convey China's spirit of national renaissance, and give the lie to those who feast their imaginations on thoughts of a people groaning under tyranny: a dangerous attitude, which only brings comfort and a *raison d'être* to the Chiang regime.

RAYMOND DAWSON

Varieties of Freud

Freud and the Twentieth Century. Edited by BENJAMIN NELSON. *Allen & Unwin.* 28*s.*

Freud, though a modest man, was suspicious of qualified appreciation. When Havelock Ellis suggested he was an artist rather than a scientist he said this was a 'highly sublimated . . . refined . . . amiable form of resistance, calling me a great artist in order to injure the validity of our scientific claims!' He would far rather his own name were forgotten than that psychoanalysis should fail to be incorporated in the body of scientific knowledge. Some of the tributes paid to him in this mainly American-angled symposium might have touched off fireworks, especially perhaps those from the three religious pundits—the Judaist Professor Herberg, the Catholic Jacques Maritain, and the Protestant Reinhold Niebuhr—although theirs are among the more interesting contributions.

Professor Herberg attacks various break-away ex-Freudians and neo-Freudian revisionists in America whose sociological implications dismay him. He finds something almost biblically sympathetic in Freud's uncompromising hostility towards any form of sham and takes the opportunity to lambast Dr Masserman—a well-known American psychoanalyst with an experimental bent—for having declared that religion is a delusion necessary to mankind, consisting as it does of certain 'curiously unrealistic, paradoxical but ubiquitous Ur-defences of man which are as essential to man's psychic economy as physiological processes are necessary to the maintenance of his bodily integrity'. Whereas Freud, with his stern unbending nineteenth-century mechanist anti-faith, he hails as 'despite himself a witness to the God of Truth we serve'. There is surely something mildly piquant about this tribute.

M. Maritain is full of praise for psychoanalysis as a treatment but very scornful on Thomist metaphysical grounds of Freudian theory and any philosophical consequences it may have had. He likes, however, to see in Freud a scourge for the 'arrogance of the proud pharisaical personality which rationalism had erected into an end supreme in itself'. Professor Niebuhr follows him in objecting to Freud's equation of conscience with super-ego. Neither of them appears to have grasped the fact of the atrocious alliance between super-ego and id at the expense of the ego, which is perhaps just as well for their peace of mind. All three remind you rather of members of the Académie Française at an important funeral, paying quick lip-service to the illustrious dead and then hurrying off, umbrellas at the ready, to do battle for original sin or whatever their pet concept may be.

There are sixteen contributions in all, only five of them specially written for this volume; it gives you the impression of a distinctly haphazard, uneven compilation. There are some interesting essays, but the book as a whole is more useful as a guide to the confusion prevailing in American liberal sociological circles, than as a definitive assessment of Freud. Few contributors are psychoanalysts. One of those who is, Abram Kardiner, gives a rather fascinating account of being analysed by Freud in the very early Twenties. The sage broke his own rules and was quite frank about why he himself was not a good analyst: 'I am not basically interested in therapy . . . I tire of people . . . I am too patriarchal.' Another, E. H. Gombrich, writing about Art, indulges in an analysis, which some may find too clinically sectarian, of Picasso's changes in style, relating these to the artist's early family situation; it eventually transpires that even the dove of peace is not at all what it seems.

There is no adequate account of developments in psychoanalysis since Freud's death, though Gardiner Murphy, an American academic psychologist, provides a breezily schematic account of Freud's influence on American psychology. A typically incomplete contribution is Frederick J. Hacker's attempt, stimulating but sketchy, to compare Freud, Marx, and Kierkegaard in a few pages. One sample of Freud's own writing, so graceful and all of a piece even in translation, is included: the introduction to Reik's book on Ritual. Certainly his prose style was that of an artist.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

The Basic Freedom

Slavery. By C. W. W. GREENIDGE. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s.*

In the abolition of modern slaving and slavery, the two great dates are 1807 which illegalised the first in British territories, and 1834 which illegalised the second: with these two achievements, the back of the monster was broken. African slaving and slavery might continue to exist for many years, to a large extent in Portuguese and some other colonies, to a lesser extent in the hinterland of Africa, where Arab enterprise, towards the end of the century, drove many tribes to ruin. But once Britain had withdrawn from the

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trade the worst was over: what remained thereafter was to drag into line the lesser profiteers and privateers, and it is pleasant to remember that British guns and gunboats played an honourable part in doing this. By the middle of the century or thereabouts the grand circuit of world trade, as it then was, had ceased to rely on any systematic contribution from the collection, delivery, or even the use of slaves. The cause of elementary human freedom – freedom, at any rate, to bargain one's work for one's wages – would shift to an attack on the marginal zones of slavery: on masters who refused to allow workmen to combine, on laws permitting serfdom, on systems of forced labour, on the employment of children.

The attack continues, as it must, for elementary freedoms in the manner and method of employment are still a patchwork up and down the world. Forced labour continues in the Portuguese colonies, and at a rate involving many tens of thousands of men and youths every year. Here and there trade unions are still forbidden, or even where they exist, as in South Africa today, are threatened with extinction. White supremacy in Africa and America continues to give daily scope and power to a slaver's mentality. But is there any large number of slaves left in the world? Is there any work for the British Anti-Slavery Society, veteran of so many good triumphs in this dismal field? Here is Mr Greenidge, for many years secretary of that Society and still its director, to say that there is. As many as half a million slaves, according to his evidence, are held in Arabia, mainly in Saudi Arabia: as late as 1947, by one report, cargoes of boys were being brought from the coast of Iran and from Baluchistan and sold into Arabian households.

For many years now large sums of money have been pouring into Arabia in the form of oil royalties, and a great deal of it has undoubtedly been invested in slaves. As a result the demand has risen, and with it prices. Where formerly an able-bodied male slave sold for about £50, now an able-bodied man fetches about £150 and an attractive girl anything from £400 to £700.

These high prices, says Mr Greenidge, have attracted slavers who are willing to run high risks in buying and delivering their goods.

It is useful to have this evidence, and much else of the same kind, in an intelligent and reliable form; and to this service Mr Greenidge's book adds a useful précis of modern slaving and the long humanitarian campaign which has at last reduced it to these narrow limits. Few men know his subject so well, or have gone as far into its ramifications. How surprising, for example, to find that the largest of the old British slaving charities, that of Henry Smith who left £2,000 in 1627 with instructions that it be invested in land and applied to the relief of 'poor kindred' and 'poor captives being slaves under the Turkish pirates', was worth no less than £139,523 in 1954. (Smith's trustees, 430 years ago, had bought 84 acres in Chelsea and Kensington.) And how surprising to find that the present trustees, being of the opinion that the further relief of slavery 'calls for international action and should be sponsored by the United Nations Organisation', refuse to give the Anti-Slavery Society a penny piece. Mr Greenidge has good evidence to show that the work of his society is still needed. Where he weakens his case, I think, is in equating the payment of 'bride price', notably in Africa, with the purchase of a slave. Male arrogance and human nastiness may sometimes make it so: as a social practice, the payment of bride price has little or nothing to do with slavery. Much less, in any event, than systems of forced labour which Mr Greenidge has felt obliged to exclude from his definition.

BASIL DAVIDSON

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Result of No. 1,498 **Set by James Hornby**

The usual prizes are offered for not more than 14 lines of verse on falling out of love.

Report

The universality of the theme attracted a large entry and resulted in a long short list. Several verses were modelled on the lines of other poets, and among these I liked two amusing Ogden Nashes (D. R. Peddy and Kitty Wake), a Herrick from P. W. R. Foot ('Whereas in sulks shy Julia flies'), a Tom Hood from Leslie Johnson ('Because she was so short with me, I did not love her long'), a Shakespearean sonnet from H. A. C. Evans ('Farewell! You're much too cheap for my possessing') and the promising beginning of an ode on the Intimation of Normality from Gloria Prince.

Picking out the prizewinners from the final sieveful was a difficult job in itself. I can only hope that the unsuccessful will feel that it is better to have entered and lost than never to have entered at all. Two guineas to C. W. V. Wordsworth, a guinea and a half to Barbara Roe and Winifred J. Taylor and a guinea to Naomi Salter. Runners-up: Hazel Archard, Douglas Gibson, Nick, Alberick and Geoffrey Riley.

ON FALLING OUT OF LOVE

This must be a Sense of Companionship,
That worthy, perdurable experience that ousts the mere thrill.
No more cardiac avalanches. I have felt this new mellowness
For a few weeks. (Do you think, my sweet, that you could, for 30 seconds, possibly keep still?)

Perhaps the mouth a shade less – definite? After all
I am less in need of a fire-bucket these days.
I wonder, if I light your cigarette, could you please refrain
From dropping your lids, then hoisting them with a rattle like a service lift, in an eager, significant gaze?

I cannot abide meanness: and certainly
You have a generous figure. All the same I advise
You not to give it all away. Keep a coupla secrets huh?
Life, you GREAT BURSTING, VITAL ANIMAL, is not just a soup-kitchen for tablespoon eyes.

I have been grossly possessive, precious, kept you exiled from your friends.
You must have a life of your own, child: it is time that my selfishness ends.

C. W. V. WORDSWORTH

AN ASAPPHIC ODE

Pestilential obdurate Aphrodite,
Universal champion mischief-maker,
You, the only author of my affliction,
Left me to languish.

So in desperation I went to Blank Street,
Where a most delightfully helpful expert,
Diagnosing quite an acute neurosis,
Finally cured me.

Keep your beastly pangs and your palpitations,
Just because you like them you think we all do.
I've no inclination at all to part with
Five guineas each time.

BARBARA ROE

Yesterday a thing took place. I found
A certain pleasure in the daily round.
The story of the hours was not too long
Stretching between the lunch and dinner gong.
Letters, a steady torrent through the door,
Were not a hot adventure any more.
The day was warm, the sun was fairly bright –
No special adjectives advanced to paint
The fields, the rooftops or the trees –
The colour of the moon was merely white.
I found a new-judged virtue in restraint,
Denied superlatives with tolerant ease –
New out of love – and life not out of joint –
But one small question lingers –
What's the point?

WINIFRED J. TAYLOR

We were his awkward squad,
Awkward and rather stupid:
We thought of him as god,
This sergeant-major Cupid.

'Fall in! fall in!' he shouted.
We fell in, two by two.
We often feared or doubted,
But what was there to do?

'Fall out!' he now commanded;
We fell out at his nod
– He always was high-handed,
This sergeant-major god.

NAOMI SALTER

City Lights

Grandma Damps Her Squib

Last week's cut in Bank Rate to 4 per cent. would have smelt of anti-climax, had it not been for the fact that everyone had given up expecting it, wanting it or even being interested in it weeks ago. It will mean a slight but always welcome transfer of income from bankers to taxpayers, it *may* induce a very few more people to borrow and spend more, and there will be every reason for an owner-occupiers' revolt if it does not force the Building Societies Association to reduce their mortgage rate next month from the level at which it was fixed when Bank Rate was still 5½ per cent. But what does all this amount to? The simple fact is that most people, even in the City, prefer low to high interest rates, that the steady fall in short-term rates was suspended for a time for fear that London would catch Wall Street's speculative habits, and that the postponed cut of ½ per cent. has now been made.

Even the simplest fact, however, may be less simple than it appears, and Grandma is clearly worried about the course which events are taking. One of her reasons for deciding to cut Bank Rate was the run-down state of the gilt-edged market. The recent revival of the inflationary fashion has come at a time when everyone is expecting the banks to sell some of their gilt-edged investments to finance the more attractive calls on their funds which are now beginning to come forward. Nobody has been buying gilts, funding (fortunately) has been all but impossible, the long queue of local authorities waiting to borrow has looked more pathetic than ever, and the technical difficulties involved in handling the £600m. of government stock which matures in a few weeks time have become more troublesome. But Grandma, anxious as she may be to get some life back into the gilt-edged market, is more worried than ever about the boomlet in Ordinary shares, and her decision to cut Bank Rate at this time suggests that she takes a much more gloomy view of the immediate outlook for business abroad and at home than the one you find reflected in government speeches. She will have noticed with relief that the market took very little notice of her sad little symbolic gesture: it is much more concerned at the moment with the sharp break on Wall Street.

* * *

Associated TeleVision is at last ready to be sent to market and the fattened bulls are taking their profits in good time. This week the Deferred shares – held mainly by the founders – have been converted into 'A' Ordinary on surprisingly favourable terms, the £1 shares are being split into 5s. units, and the 1-for-1 scrip issue has been forecast for next year. On top of this, the company has forecast a profit of over £5m. from television alone this year, a figure which not only probably errs on the side of caution but excludes the large and growing interests outside television proper – in records, in TV films, in overseas broadcasting. By the time that ATV has finished, one is tempted to suppose, the spiderweb will be so complex that shareholders' interest in the company will be more accurately measured by its turnover than by its profit.

There has been another example this week of the profitably incestuous polygamy which has now become fashionable in the entertainment business. Ranks, which jumped belatedly on to the commercial television bandwagon and moved belatedly into the record business, is now moving into the field of television films. An agreement has been signed between Sydney Box TV – the Box family is well ensconced in the TV business – and Sol Lesser Productions of the United States for the manufacture of television films. A large number of the films will be made in Rank's Pinewood Studios, and 40 per cent. of Pinewood's space will be devoted to television once the agreement is really in operation. About half of the £2m. involved is going to be put up by the Rank Organisation.

* * *

Philip Hill, a well-known City finance house, is making this weekend the largest single unit trust offer ever to have been made in this country – 5m. units at 10s. apiece. The offer is being widely advertised and is likely to be fairly successful, despite the uncertain look of markets at the moment. The trust will invest its money entirely in gilt-edged and in a selection of leading British industrials under the advice of an 'investment council', it will be a cash fund of the kind above reproach, and United Dominions Trust are offering credit sale facilities. Philip Hill claim that they expect to get very little out of the business except a good deal of useful publicity, and there is no reason to disbelieve them. Anyone who has come to the conclusion that equities are the best form of long-term saving might do well to consider this offer – remembering, however, that there may be concessions in the Budget, and that at least two other leading finance houses are planning to introduce new trusts within the next couple of months.

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BST

PURPOSE OF THE TRUST.—The problem confronting most people who are not in close touch with financial affairs is how to invest their savings. One of the most effective methods of making savings grow and at the same time endeavouring to insure against the effects of inflation is to make a long term investment in the ordinary shares of selected leading British industrial companies.

The British Shareholders Trust has been formed to provide an ideal vehicle for this. Its units represent a cross-section of shares in the leading companies in Great Britain. They have been selected because of the strength of the companies concerned, the skill of their management and the prospects of steady growth which they present. They are all British and on their success the future of this country to a very large extent depends. A holder of units will thus be directly participating in the ownership of the leading British industrial and commercial enterprises.

It is dangerous to invest without knowledge. The British Shareholders Trust provides expert management which has direct access to the best advice available on the status of British industrial companies. An investment in British Shareholders Trust is an investment in industrial Britain at its best. B S T. is a unit trust authorised by the Board of Trade and constituted by a Trust Deed. The investments will be chosen by the Managers, in consultation with the **Investment Council**, consisting of men of high standing and of great experience in financial affairs. The life of the Trust is for a period of 25 years, but this can be curtailed or extended in certain circumstances.

SPREAD OF INVESTMENTS.—The funds of the Trust are to be invested initially in British Government Securities and in ordinary shares of some fifty to sixty of the leading **British industrial companies,** chosen from the list set out below.

Albright & Wilson Ltd.
Allied Bakeries Ltd.
Associated Electrical Industries Ltd.
Associated Portland Cement Mfrs. Ltd.
Babcock & Wilcox Ltd.
Beecham Group Ltd.
Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd.
British American Tobacco Co. Ltd.
British Electric Traction Co. Ltd.
British Motor Corporation Ltd.
British Oxygen Co. Ltd.
British Petroleum Co. Ltd.
British South Africa Co.
John Brown & Co. Ltd.
Canadian Eagle Oil Co. Ltd.
City of London Real Property Co. Ltd.
J. & P. Coats Ltd.
Courtaulds Ltd.
John Dickinson & Co. Ltd.
Distillers Co. Ltd.
Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd.
English Electric Co. Ltd
Express Dairy Co. Ltd.
Ford Motor Co. Ltd.
Furness Withy & Co. Ltd.
Great Universal Stores Ltd.
Guest Keen & Nettlefolds Ltd.
Arthur Guinness, Son & Co. Ltd.
Alfred Herbert Ltd.
Home & Colonial Stores Ltd.
Hudson's Bay Co.
Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.
Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland) Ltd.
Ind Coope & Allsopp Ltd.
Lancashire Cotton Corporation Ltd.
Leyland Motors Ltd.
Lloyds Bank Ltd.
London County Freehold & Leasehold Properties Ltd.
Joseph Lucas Industries Ltd.
Marks & Spencer Ltd.
Metal Box Co. Ltd.
Midland Bank Ltd.
Monsanto Chemicals Ltd.
Pearl Assurance Co. Ltd.
P. & O. Steam Navigation Co.
Pressed Steel Co. Ltd.
Prudential Assurance Co. Ltd.
Reckitt & Colman Holdings Ltd.
Albert E. Reed & Co. Ltd.
E. S. & A. Robinson Ltd.
Rolls-Royce Ltd.
Shell Transport & Trading Co. Ltd.
Steel Co. of Wales Ltd.
Stewarts & Lloyds Ltd.
Tate & Lyle Ltd.
Tube Investments Ltd.
Turner & Newall Ltd.
Unilever Ltd.
United Drapery Stores Ltd.
United Steel Companies Ltd.
Vickers Ltd.
Wall Paper Manufacturers Ltd.
Watney Mann Ltd.
Whitbread & Co. Ltd.
F. W. Woolworth & Co. Ltd.

Power is given by the Trust Deed to invest in a maximum of 125 investments, which constitute the authorised list and may include Trustee Investments, debentures and preference shares. All these investments will be quoted on a recognised Stock Exchange and will be of comparable standing to those already named in the initial list.

SAFE CUSTODY OF INVESTMENTS.—The Trustees are responsible for the safe custody of the investments of the Trust. They are consulted by the Managers on the choice of investments to be included in the authorised list.

INCOME.—In respect of his holding a unit holder will receive from the Trustees a half-yearly distribution of income. The first distribution will be paid on 21st June, 1959. It is estimated that initially this will be at the rate of approximately 4¼ per cent. per annum on his investment less income tax at the standard rate. If a unit holder does not pay income tax at the full rate he may obtain an appropriate repayment of tax.

QUOTATION OF UNITS.—Daily prices are quoted by the Managers and published in the Press. Actual dealing prices (which will include the initial charge referred to below, buying expenses and commission to agents) will be calculated by the Managers on the day of application to buy or sell units; these prices will in normal conditions cover amounts up to 10,000 units.

If at any time a unit holder wishes to dispose of his units he can ask the Managers to buy them from him at a price governed by Board of Trade regulations. In fact, the Managers in normal conditions will buy units for immediate payment at a price above this minimum. Units may only be sold in multiples of 10.

MANAGEMENT CHARGES.—An initial charge of 2 per cent. and a commission charge of 1¼ per cent. to meet management expenses and commission to agents are included in the price of units. Every half year the Managers are entitled to deduct from the Trust's income ¼ per cent. of the value of the investments of the Trust to pay the expenses of administration.

MEETING OF UNIT HOLDERS.—A meeting of unit holders may be summoned by the Trustees or the Managers. Also 10 per cent. or more of the unit holders are entitled to require that a meeting be held.

TRUST DEED.—A copy of the Trust Deed may be inspected at the Managers' Office, or a copy bought for 2s. 6d. The Trust Deed contains provisions for its alteration by Supplemental Deed which in some cases will require the approval of a meeting of unit holders.

Dated 27th November, 1958.

Buying Units

To buy units fill in the Application Form below and send it to the Managers. Units may only be bought in multiples of 10.

APPLICATION FORM (CASH)

To: PHILIP HILL, HIGGINSON & CO. LIMITED, 34, MOORGATE, LONDON, E.C.2

I hereby apply for units of the British Shareholders Trust at a price of 10s per unit in accordance with the particulars dated 27th November, 1958, and upon the Terms of the Trust Deed therein referred to.

Units may only be bought in multiples of 10.

*I declare that I am not resident outside the Scheduled Territories and that I am not acquiring the above mentioned units as the nominee of any person(s) resident outside those Territories.

I enclose the sum of £..... **Cheques should be made payable to "B.S.T."**

Date....., 1958.

SIGNATURE .....

Block Letters Please

SURNAME (*in full*).....
Please state Mr., Mrs., or Miss.

CHRISTIAN NAMES (*in full*).....

ADDRESS.....

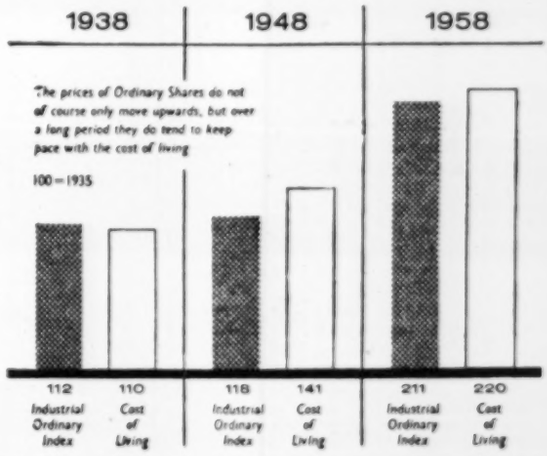
.....

Application Forms for joint holdings will be issued on request.

37

**If you are unable to make this declaration it should be deleted and the application lodged through an Authorised Depositary.*
(NOTE: Authorised Depositaries include Banks, Stockbrokers and Solicitors in the United Kingdom. The terms 'Authorised Depositary,' 'Scheduled Territories' and 'Nominees' are defined in the Bank of England's Notice E.C. Securities 8, as amended.)

HOW ORDINARY STOCKS HAVE RISEN WITH THE COST OF LIVING



Buying Units by Instalments

The Managers have made arrangements with United Dominions Trust Limited for units to be paid for by instalments over 12, 18 or 24 months. The Managers have also made arrangements through an insurance scheme to pay the instalments still outstanding if a unit holder dies, whereupon the units will become the property of the unit holder's estate. The insurance scheme can, however, only apply to a unit holder under the age of 55.

To buy units by instalments, fill in the Application Form below, where full details of these arrangements are set out.

APPLICATION FORM (INSTALMENTS)

To: PHILIP HILL, HIGGINSON & CO. LIMITED, 34, MOORGATE, LONDON, E.C.2

I hereby apply for.....units of the British Shareholders Trust at a price of 10s. per unit in accordance with the particulars dated 27th November, 1958, and upon the Terms of the Trust Deed therein referred to. **Units may only be bought in multiples of 100, with a minimum of 200 and a maximum of 2,000 units.**

*I declare that I am not resident outside the Scheduled Territories and that I am not acquiring the above mentioned units as the nominee of any person(s) resident outside those Territories.

I have NOT reached the age of 55/I am aged 55 or over. (*Delete accordingly.*)

I enclose the sum of £..... **Cheques should be made payable to "B.S.T."**

made up as follows:—

Initial payment (being at least 25% of the total cost of the units)..... £.....

Insurance fee and Managers' registration charge—
10s. for each 100 units (5s. for each 100 units if aged 55 or over)..... £.....

I wish to pay the balance of £.....by instalments over..... months (insert 12, 18 or 24) in accordance with the terms outlined below and hereby instruct you in the event of my application being accepted to deliver the unit certificates to United Dominions Trust Limited.

Date....., 1958.

SIGNATURE .....

Block Letters Please

SURNAME (*in full*).....
Please state Mr., Mrs., or Miss.

CHRISTIAN NAMES (*in full*).....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Joint holdings are NOT permitted for purchase of units by instalments.

(37)

THE TERMS ON WHICH YOU MAY BUY UNITS BY INSTALMENTS ARE BRIEFLY AS FOLLOWS:—

1. **Interest will be charged on the amount borrowed at the following rates:— 5% flat for 12 months. 7½% flat for 18 months. 10% flat for 24 months.**
2. **The units will be registered in your name; distributions will therefore be paid to you.**
3. **The unit certificate will be deposited with United Dominions Trust Limited (U.D.T.) together with a blank transfer signed by you.**
4. **Your instalments will be payable monthly, the first of them one month after the unit certificate is issued.**
5. **Should the instalments not be paid, U.D.T. may sell the units, deduct the amount due to themselves and refund the balance to you.**
6. **You will have the right to repay the outstanding balance at any time whether by sale of the units or otherwise; the interest charged will then be reduced.**
7. **Tax certificates will be issued to you for interest paid.**

The Chess Board

No. 472. Long-term Business

It is pleasing enough to sacrifice a piece or two for a mate in so many moves, but it is much more thrilling to fling away one's bits and pieces for a speculative rather than an immediate reward. Here—Stoltz-H. Steiner, Stockholm, 1952 is a most delightful case in point. r1bq1r1k/ppp4p/2ktp2p1/3Kt2bk/2PPBKt2/1P3pP1/PBQ2P1P/2KR3R. Lively enough, and by the obvious B x BP, followed by exchanges on f4 and c6 and by P-Q5, White could safely establish his advantage, but Stoltz was in a dashing mood and played (1) B x KtP. Subsequent analysis proved that by delaying acceptance till after the exchanges on f4 Black would have got the better of it, whilst after . . . P x B; (2) Q x P Steiner saw too late that the exchanges were now no good on account of White's Q-R5 ch. He had to play . . . Kt-Kt2, and now the sparks began to fly by (3) P-KR4!, B x Kt ch; (4) P x B, B-B4; (5) Q-R6ch, B-R2; (6) Kt-K3! Against the terrible threat of P-Q5 Black finds what seems the best defence by . . . R-KB3; (7) Q-Kt5, R-Kt3; and now comes an astounding long-term sacrifice of the Q, with nothing to show for it for the time being than the exchange, a couple of pawns and a bag full of tricks. (8) P-Q5!?!, R x Q; (9) P x Q. Subsequent analysis has proved that . . . K-Kt1 could now be defeated by (10) P x Kt, P x P; (11) P-Kt6!, B x P; (12) QR-Kt1, etc.; so (9) . . . Kt-K2 was probably best, and Stoltz now played (10) Kt-Kt4!, which was much stronger than P-B5. Even so Black could still have saved himself by (10) . . . K-Kt1, forcing White to seek a draw by Kt-B6 ch, etc. But Steiner here went astray by . . . Q-QB1 which looks good enough for countering Kt-B6 by . . . Q-KB4. But Stoltz had yet another arrow in his quiver. (11) P-Kt6!! winning in every variation. The sequel was . . . Q x Kt (best); (12) R x B ch, K-Kt1; (13) R x Kt ch, K-B1; (14) R-B7 ch, K-K1; (15) R-K1, Q x KtP; (16) R(1) x Kt ch, K-Q1; (17) B-B6 and soon won.

Involving a sacrificial orgy with more immediately foreseeable results, is a combination of Morphy's which occurred in a blindfold simultaneous performance at New Orleans, 1858. r1b2q1k/ppp3pp/2ktp1r2/5P2/2B2P2/2Q4P/PB4P1/4RRK1. (1) R-K8!, Q x R; (2) Q x R!!, K-K2 (best); (3) Q x P ch!, Q x Q; (4) P-B6, Q x P ch (best); (5) K x Q, B x P ch; (6) K x B, P-KR4; (7) R-KKt1, resigns.

A: J. Kolisch 1860

After such inspiration the 4-pointer should be child's play for the merest tyro. How did White force a pretty mate in 3? **B,** a draw, is easy enough for 6 ladder-points, and **C** (for 7) might be facilitated by the useful hint that the main variation is a mate in 8 and involves a Kt-promotion. Usual prizes. Entries by 8 December.

B: O. Gallischek 1958

C: S. M. Kaminer 1927

REPORT on No. 468. Set 1 November

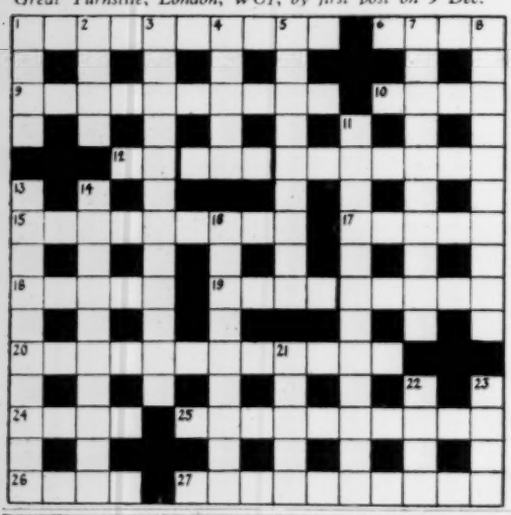
A: White forces perpetual or stalemate by R-B8 ch, etc.
B: (1) P-Kt7, Kt-B6; (2) P—Q, R-Kt8 ch; (3) K-R3! etc; if (1) . . . Kt-R6; (2) P—Q, S-Kt8 ch; (3) K-B3 etc; if (1) . . . Kt-Q7; (2) P—Q, R-Kt8 ch; (3) K-B5! Kt-Kt6 ch (best); (4) K-B4! Kt-R4 ch; (5) K-B5! etc.
C: (1) P-Q6! B-B3; (2) Kt(4)-Q5, Q-Q1; (3) Q-R6, Kt-R2; (4) Kt-K4, B-Kt2; (5) Q x Kt ch!! K x Q; (6) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-Kt1; (7) Kt-K7 ch, K-B1; (8) Kt-R7 ch, K-K1; (9) Kt-Q5, Q-B1; (10) Kt-B7 ch, K-Q1; (11) Kt-Kt5, Q-Kt1; (12) Kt x P ch, K-B1; (13) Kt-Kt5, Q-R1; (14) Kt-R7 ch, K-Kt1; (15) K-Kt6, B-B1; (16) K-B5, B-Kt2; (17) Kt x P, B x Kt; (18) K x B, Q x Kt; (19) P x Q ch, K x P; (20) P-Kt4, etc.

Many stumped (or partly so) by C. A. J. Roycroft's flawless solution wins 1st prize; consolation prize shared by M. P. Furmston, M. Rumney, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 331

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 331, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 9 Dec.



ACROSS

1. Liberal who has a dreary morning with an unfinished part of the agenda (10).
6. The top matter (4).
9. It would be an ideal tonic if this ruler were upset (10).
10. Put a horse in front of this to be repaired (4).
12. Take a degree course in entertaining? (2, 3, 7)
15. Brushes around a number of secret places (9).
17. She will do for a Welshman without the flu (5).
18. Making up the measure as an oriental ruler (5).
19. Precedents for cricket-bags? (4, 5).
20. They are seen in cars; Peter's do seem confused (12).
24. Unobstructed for there is nothing to shut in (4).
25. Remove the pungency and bad speaking would be reduced to the extreme (10).
26. 'E's 'oldin' on by the Sergeant's ——' (Kipling) (4).
27. Strong declarations involving a sister and son (10).

DOWN

1. Supplies an extra sounding tool (4).
2. On a billet without company (4).
3. The star has to take it easy with love on a boat named after a mountain (12).
4. Small stick for a union (5).
5. Boxes and trains round the street (9).
7. Be less embarrassed for the dull (10).
8. Carrying on about the meal in the dining hall is affectation (10).
11. The low dog tore something moving beneath the surface (12).
13. Fixed ideas obtained from meetings with one's old school friends (10).
14. Combined Services and Royal Navy camouflaged as writers (10).
16. I come in to choose wives for aristocrats (9).
21. Put it in the small part (5).
22. Put it up to a communist (4).
23. Makes do without a man for long periods (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 329

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 329

Wm J. Young (Mickleover)
G. K. Searl (London N13)
Mrs Anne Serraillier (Singleton)

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

CHINESE Market. Sale of Pottery Handicrafts, Linens, Prints, Greeting Cards, etc., direct from China. The answer to your Xmas shopping at 228 Gray's Inn Road, WC1. Last day of Sale, 29 November. Open 12 a.m.-8 p.m.

EUROPEAN Friendship Fair. Sale unusual Christmas gifts. Unique record, photos, etc., women against H Bomb, 14 countries. 10 a.m.-10 p.m. 27 Nov-3 Dec. 18 Manor Mansions, Belsize Grove, NW3.

ABBATT Toyshop. Worthwhile toys make the best Christmas presents. Write for catalogue. Dept. NS, 94 Wimpole Street, W1.

DICKENSIAN Diary. The superbly produced Christmas gift for Dickens lovers. Franey & Co., Ltd., Burgon St, London, EC4. (42s.) Free brochure on request.

ART Lovers Calendar: twelve paintings reproduced in full colour, 9s. 6d. from all stationers or 10s. 2d. by post from Jarrold and Sons, Ltd, Norwich.

AS played in Boston, Brixton and the Balkans — Lodge: intriguing 3-dimensional black and white cube game for two. 13s. 6d. plus 1s. 6d. post or rules free from Juxta Games, 15 Southernhay Ave., Bristol 8.

ELVAS Plums. Finest New Season's direct from Leading Packer. Original coloured round one-lb boxes 7s. 6d. each. Elvas Figs same price. 3 boxes each plums & figs 43s. All post paid. Shilling Coffee Co. Ltd., 16 Philpot Lane, EC3.

BETTY Hope's Unique Boutique, 19 Beauchamp Place, SW3, for attractive & useable presents. S.a.e. for illustrated list.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS—continued

NEW Curtains for Christmas. Hand-finished, lined or unlined velour curtains delivered second week in December to any address in United Kingdom. Please state colours and lengths reqd when writing for free patterns. Camerons, 25 Wormwood St, London, EC2.

ITALIAN Mosaic. Kits from 9s. 11d. Visit or write. The Mosaic Centre, 6 Portman Mews South, Portman Street, London, W1.

ARE you missing three of the fine vintages of the century? 1952, 1953, 1955. We have the largest and most varied stock. Send card for 36-page list. Ch. Belle Isle '53, 8s. 6d. Grand Barrail '53, 10s. 6d., Rhone 7s. 11d., Beaujolais 8s. 3d., Spanish and Portuguese 6s. 6d., all good. Paten & Co., 19 Long Causeway, Peterborough.

BARREL OF WINE for this year's party? Equal to 5s. 10d. (approx.) per bottle. For French table wines like the well-known Vin des Chevaliers: Comptoirs des Vins & Co., 5 Cork St, W1. REG. 0886/7.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

FAULTLESS Typing for the discriminating writer. Highly recommended by famous authors. Novels, plays, poetry, etc. Editing by expd writer, Dorothy Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

STENORETTE Tapes transcribed, duplicating and typing. Chelsea Copying Office, 43 King's Rd, London, SW3. SLO. 6195/6.

HOME copy-typing wanted. 'Phone CLI. 1436, Farren.

LOOKS like print! New-style typing and duplicating at no extra cost. Susan Tully, 63 Wigmore St, W1. HUN. 9893.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS—continued

FOR rapid and reliable duplicating & typing, reports, theses, references, plays, etc., Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria St, SW1. Rush jobs undertaken. ABB. 3772.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS., Plays, Scripts Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd., 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St. Tube Stn).

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INTELLIGENT typing of plays, novels, theses, etc. Rapid and expert duplicating. Translations. Dictation by telephone. Apollo Agency, 18 Hanover St, W1. MAY. 5091.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES. 5809.

TRANSLATIONS all languages. Eggens Translation Bureau, 11 Berkeley Gardens, Kensington, W8. PARk 2106/1859.

WHERE TO STAY

RÉCUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

RECULVER Lodge, Beltinge, Kent. Join our Christmas house-party. Bookings being taken for 1959. Vegetarians especially welcome. Please write in first inst. Box 4030.

PERSONAL

HENRY Belton urgently requires show his work to British public (paintings 25 years). Seen London W2. Any offers, Gallery premises, etc. Box 4729.

FLOTSAM & Jetsam Club for Tweenagers (35-65), centred Bloomsbury, invites new members. We are friendly. Box 4465.

ANYONE outside Lond. wishing start own Flotsam & Jetsam Club write Box 4465.

SKETCHING Holidays – St Tropez, Easter to June. Accommodation cheap but limited. Write now for details. Box 4598.

BACHELOR, 24, desires evening job, with accommodation London. Box 4444.

WOMAN, 58, has run home, family, bus., seeks post housekeeper. Happy home more important than large salary. Box 4461.

CHRISTMAS Houseparty in Surrey 10 gns. Winter Sports from £22. Riviera £32. Quality Travel, 184 High St, Guildford.

(MORE or less) relaxedly long-suffering parents of 16-year-old girl wish to hear from parents and 16-plus VIth-formers (m & f) in NW3 with view to starting group where young people may make friends, start social life and generally do (within reason, almost, etc.) whatso'er they list &/or themselves determine. Box 4506.

SOCIAL Workers! That book is needed, but you haven't time to write it or lack experience. Professional writer, honours graduate, can relieve you of 75% of the spadework and give valuable advice about publication. Box 4680.

LET me trace your ancestry. Genealogical research. All kinds. Box 4463.

PERSONAL—continued

HOUSEKEEPER wanted. Boy 3 yrs. Highgate Good wages & conditions. Box 4524.

BACH. 40, Christmas alone, welcomes 1/2 similar to stay over hol. Box 4727.

WILL progressive family take 5-year-old PG daily, Mon.-Fri. in school holidays, anywhere W, NW, N London? Box 4599.

YOUNG mother, university educated, would like to share a flat/house in London where care is available for 2-year-old son while at work during the day. Willing to baby-sit in the evenings. Box 4512.

WRITER sks Home Counties occas. wknd retreat. Unused mansion, dacha, bedrm, or heated toolshed might do. Box 4650.

A FEW vacs in cheap ski party to Cortina 17-31 Jan. WES. 4273 or Box 4442.

STUDENT willing to be generally useful wanted for Xmas holidays. Two children, 10 & 12 years. Au pair or small wage. Flat, Regents Park. Able to drive asset. Box 4639.

GRAND piano, good condition, for sale. 'Phone HAMpstead 9806.

REQD, a practised writer of English to guide a novice. Remun. Box 4663.

AU Pair. German girl, 17, wishes to spend 12 months from April, 1959, in English family; fair knowl. English. Help in house in return for hospitality & pocket money. Opportunity improve English essent. Box 4666.

COMF. flat. W1, sleep 3/4, avail. 1/2 weeks 20 Dec. to 3 Jan. Box 4672.

CAMBRIDGE undergraduate, driver, wants interesting vacation work approx. 10 December to 10 January. Box 4605.

SEE meetings column: 'Sex, Art and Education', at Watford.

FRENCHMAN, 25, teacher, wishes stay 23 Dec.-3 Jan. as paying-guest in family to speak English. Box 4644.

REQUIRED urgently – coach in Mathematics to University Entrance standard for six weeks. Phone LEE Green 1432.

INTERPRET for foreign holidays. 3 LP records & 2 books. Only £3 post-free. French, Spanish, Italian & German. Free trial. No deposit. Vissphone Co., 10 Bayley Street, WC1. MUS. 7223.

GCE. 1 week's intensive revision course commencing 29 December, London. 'O' or 'A' Level Chemistry, Physics, Mathematics. Coaching in small groups by experienced University Honours Graduates. Telephone MEAdway 1028 or write Box 4311.

TALENTED playwrights consult S Guest Associates, 12 Hanover Street, W1.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of 'Good Sight Without Glasses' may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

WRITER undertakes literary/journalistic/TV research. Reas. terms. Box 4732.

LANGUAGE-learning. Italian & Russian: 12 Dec. weekend at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; 19 Dec., 'Making a Nativity Play'.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

INFORMAL music: players invtd; quartets &c. Mrs Dunn HAM. 8109 ev/wkend.

COLOUR Photographs or Transparencies required of characteristic scenes or people from Belgium, S. Africa, the South Seas, China, Sweden, for use as frontispieces and jackets for junior travel books. Art Editor, Phoenix House, Ltd, 38 William IV St, WC2.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Course & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

FOREIGN girls domest. and willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help. (3) also small contribution for board & lodg. & 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for free 24-page booklet, which describes the openings for new writers . . . reveals that you can make extra income by writing, wherever you live . . . shows that RI students have sold work to over 1,750 publications – a record without parallel – and that many earn while learning. Regent Institute (Dept. F/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores, Ltd., 12 Marriotts Court, Manchester, 2, for our price list of our Surgical goods, etc.

HUMANISM – a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

CONTINENT. Au pair posts for girls avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

PERSONAL—continued

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CHEAP, pleasant & private accom. in modernised country cottage nr main road offered anyone prepared to give 6 hrs.' help to owner. Box 4226.

CHRISTMAS Party. Beatrice Webb Ho., Dorking (Abinger 404). £7 10s. for 24/29 Dec. Send £1 deposit to Manageress.

KNOW-How means writing success for you. No sales – no fees tuition. Gift year's subscription to Britain's foremost magazine for writers. Free N2 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success', from BA School of Successful Writing, Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

TV Urgently Needs Scripts! Our Correspondence Course can teach you to earn big money this year. Personal coaching by top TV script writers. Prospectus from Dept. 104, Television Writing School, 7 Hatley Street, London, W1.

SOCIOLOGY, psychology, discussion, dancing, music, play-reading, writing, rambling – are you interested? Write Sec. (B), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

ALEXANDER Technique. Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO 3141.

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CAMERA repairs for amateurs and professionals. Also good selection of s/h equipment. Camera Advice Centre, 54 Park Road (cont. Baker St), NW1.

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1 (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

USA. We arrange domestic & Au Pair posts 1 year minimum. Personal interview preferred. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

YOUNGSTERS' (8 to 18) Country House Party. Ponies to ride and Pantomimes to see; Dancing, Fancy Dress, Square and Ballroom Dances; organised outings, from 17 December to 14 January. For particulars apply The Secretary, Parndon Hall, Harlow, Essex. Tel. Harlow 24511.

MASSAGE for health and fitness relieves nervous tension. HAM. 2514. 1-4 p.m.

SPEAK Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Tel. Setogni, WEL. 7411/2, for details.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48A Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN 1586.

A PORTRAIT Photograph for Christmas by Mark Gerson, AIBP, ARPS, is quite inexpensive. 61 Seymour St, W1. PAD. 2708.

SHOULD incurable sufferers have the right to merciful release? Write Euthanasia Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

HOMOSEXUAL Law Reform Society, which has been said to have 'the most distinguished Honorary Committee of any cause', welcomes help from all who support its aims. Details from The Secretary, Room 29, 32 Shaftesbury Ave, London, W1.

PORTRAITS drawn from life or photos by ex-Slade student. 3 gns. Box 4464.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recordings. Also small Hall & Committee Rooms. Apply: Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1.

DEANER Printers, Ltd, for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets & all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd, E2. SHOreditch 3889/6040.

SE comprendre c'est la paix. The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd, W8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar SLO. 9595.

PRINTING with Personality – at Country prices. The Priory Press, Malvern.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent. Def. terms. Branches: Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich, Paris.

PHILIP Humphries, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

CHINESE exquisite hand embroidered pillow cases. White 20×30in. Four for only 27s. Post 1s. 6d. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd (Dept 18), 1/3 Stoke Newington Rd, London, N16.

THE GAY TWENTIES

J. C. Trewin, Raymond Mander & Joe Mitchenson

A sparkling decade of Theatre, illustrated with 130 photographs from the Mander and Mitchenson Theatre Collection. Foreword by Noel Coward. BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION. 30s.

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Landor: A Replevin by **Malcolm Elwin.** "It is difficult to believe that a better biography of Landor will ever be written."—*The Times*. BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION. Illustrated. 45s.

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The Letters of John Cowper Powys to Louis Wilkinson, 1935-1956, edited and with a preface by **Louis Wilkinson.** "Robust, revelatory, wise."—KENNETH YOUNG (*Daily Telegraph*). Frontispiece portrait. 30s.

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Love and the Loveless

His great new novel of Passchendaele. "Terribly vivid and moving."—MAURICE WIGGIN (*Sunday Graphic*). 16s.

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No better survey of Air Power past and present exists than **The Air Forces of the World** by **William Green** and **John Fricker** (lavishly illustrated, 60s.), while for air-fighting thrills **American Aces of World War II** by **Edward H. Sims** (illustrated 18s.) is recommended by Group Captain "Johnnie" Johnson, D.S.O., D.F.C., who writes the foreword.

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Her distinguished cookery books include **Italian Food** (18s., illustrated by Guttoso) and revised editions of **French Country Cooking** and **Mediterranean Food** (12s. 6d. each, both illustrated by John Minton).

MANY A TRUE WORD

Denys Parsons' new collection of comic misprints, howlers and literary faux-pas is illustrated by **"Anton".** 5s.

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Rex Stout edits this anthology of "culinary" crime stories by members of **The Mystery Writers of America.** 12s. 6d.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

AUSTRALIA - UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE

The University invites applications for the following appointments:

SENIOR LECTURER OR LECTURER IN ENGLISH LANGUAGE
SENIOR LECTURER OR LECTURER IN HISTORY
LECTURER IN PHYSICS
SENIOR LECTURER IN PHYSICAL CHEMISTRY
LECTURER IN PHYSICAL CHEMISTRY
LECTURER IN INORGANIC CHEMISTRY
LECTURER IN ECONOMICS
LECTURER IN BACTERIOLOGY
LECTURER IN PHYSIOTHERAPY

Salary Scales: Senior Lecturer £A2,100-£80-£2,500. Lecturer: £A1,500-£80-£2,060.

Superannuation: On the FSSU basis.

Terms: Every potential applicant is invited to seek from the Registrar or from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London WC1, a copy of the general conditions of appointment which gives particulars of duties, tenure, study leave, promotion and travelling expenses, and a copy of a statement giving general information about the University and the Departments in which the appointments will be made.

University Film: A potential applicant in Great Britain may borrow from the AUBC a coloured film illustrating the University and the city and surroundings of Adelaide.

The University Calendar may be consulted in the library of any University which is a member of the AUBC. Further information about the University or about any particular post will gladly be supplied on request to the Registrar.

Applications: in duplicate, and giving the particulars listed in the general conditions of appointment, should reach the Registrar of the University, Adelaide, South Australia, not later than 31 Dec., 1958.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

require a

SUB-WARDEN

Applications are invited for this post in Masson Hall (a residence of 59 women students) vacant in April 1959. Applicants should preferably be graduates but those with a domestic science training may be considered. Ability to type is essential. Further particulars may be obtained from The Warden, Masson Hall, 31 George Square, Edinburgh.

LARGE WEST END PUBLISHER

requires a well-qualified secretary, preferably married woman in mid-twenties, for Director in charge of administration and home educational books. Conditions of employment include 5-day week (10 a.m. to 5 p.m.) canteen on premises. Salary £500 per annum. Please write, stating age, education, secretarial training and previous experience together with the names of two people to whom reference may be made, to Box 4626.

PUBLIC SERVICE OF TASMANIA

Applications are invited for the undermentioned permanent superannuable positions to which appointments will be made in accordance with the Public Service Act: –

DEPUTY REGIONAL OFFICER (2), ADULT EDUCATION BRANCH

Salary Range: £A1,474-1,639 per annum. The appointees will be required to assist Regional Officers in organising cultural activities, and will require to have sound education with wide cultural interests, leadership and ability to work in harmony with voluntary organisations. A University Degree will be an advantage. Applications, in duplicate, giving full personal particulars and details of qualifications and experience should be lodged with the Agent General for Tasmania, 457 Strand, London, WC2.

RESEARCH Assistant, half-time, with degree or similar qualification and preferably with some experience in social work. Salary according to qualifications and experience in range (full-time) £375-£600. Full particulars and names of two referees to Clerk to the Faculty of Commerce & Social Science, University, Birmingham 15, by 5 December.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

? CAN YOU WIN

a child's confidence and, from knowledge so gained, advise on his future? Such a man is wanted as Housefather at Langley House, London, E14, for observation and assessment of deprived children and to act as deputy of Superintendent. Child-care experience, preferably residential, essential. Salary £505 to £577 10s. (If you have a wife, she will be an Assistant Housemother at £437 10s. to £512 10s.). Deduction of £128 8s. for board, etc., £25 allowance for Home Office Certificate. No accommodation for family. Apply Children's Officer, CH/NEDO/2070, LCC, County Hall, SE1.

Oh all ye Maries and ye Janes, ye Annes and Sallies too,
You surely should be thinking of what you're going to do
When into this harsh world you're flung, your jolly schooldays sped,
With your bare hands to type away and earn your daily bread.

We can help. Our jobs for beginners hold the loveliest promises; for veterans the most wonderful fulfilments.

THE ST STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT
3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2
216 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1

Editorial and Administrative Assistant required, primarily for sub-editorial work on

THE HOSPITALS YEAR BOOK.

Some previous editorial experience and/or secretarial qualifications will be an advantage. Commencing salary in the range of £600-£700. Applications, with names and addresses of three referees, should be sent to the Secretary, Institute of Hospital Administrators, 75 Portland Place, London, W1, not later than 11 December, 1958.

MINISTRY of Supply Research and Development Establishments, mainly in southern half of England, require (a) Senior Scientific Officers (min. age 26) and (b) Scientific Officers for work in physics, electronics, electrical or mechanical engineering, applied mathematics, aerodynamics, chemistry or metallurgy. 1st or 2nd class hons. degree or equiv. required and for SSO at least 3 years' post-graduate experience. Starting salary in range (a) £1,130 – £1,330, (b) £595 – £1,050 (male, in provinces). Rates for women reaching equality in 1961. Superannuation under FSSU. Opportunity for those under 32 to compete for established posts. Candidates should indicate fields of work in which interested. At National Gas Turbine Establishment, Pyestock, Hants., houses available for letting to married staff, and opportunities for new graduates to have workshop training. Forms from MLNS Technical and Scientific Register K, 26 King Street, London, SW1 (quote A.300/8A).

CENTRAL Office of Information. French and Spanish – Part-time Translators required, working in mother tongue only, for translations from English into French and Spanish, covering wide range of topics. Good sense of style and extensive vocabulary essential; some experience of high speed translation desirable; ability to type essential. Apply by letter stating age, quals, and exp. to Manager, Ministry of Labour and National Service, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, EC4 (quoting P.E. 2232). Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

THE British Council. Recruitment Programme 1959. I. General Service Entry: Honours Graduates (age 21-36). II. General Service Entry (United Kingdom). III. Contract Appointments in Overseas Education. Booklet 'Appointments 1959' and application forms from Personnel Department, 65 Davies Street, London, W1.

NORTHUMBERLAND County Council invite applications for the post of trained and experienced Family Case Worker (male or female) with Social Science qualifications for extensive rehabilitation work with selected families. Salary £575 to £725. The post is pensionable and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience and the names of two referees, should be sent to County Medical Officer, County Hall, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1, as soon as possible.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA – University of Adelaide. The University invites applications for the newly established Chair of Psychology. The appointment will date from 1 September, 1959, or as soon after that date as the Professor can assume duty. Potential candidates are invited to obtain from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from the Registrar a general statement and formal terms of appointment. Those in the United Kingdom may also borrow from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, a coloured film illustrating the University and the city of Adelaide. Particulars of schemes for financial help in the purchase of a house may be obtained from the Registrar; and the University will gladly supply further information on request. The salary attached to the Chair will be £A3,500, with superannuation on the FSSU basis. Applications (in duplicate), giving the information specified in the general statement, should reach the Registrar of the University, Adelaide, South Australia, not later than 12 January, 1959.

SCHOOL of Oriental and African Studies, University of London. Applications are invited for two posts of Temporary Research Assistant. The duties of the successful candidates will be to trace and list manuscript material in the British Isles bearing on South and South-East Asia. A history or other Arts degree is essential, and experience in historical research or in archive works is desirable; a diploma in Archive Administration, would be an additional qualification. Salary £850 p.a. The duration of the appointment will not exceed two years. Applications by 6 December 1958 to the Librarian, School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, WC1, from whom further particulars and application forms may be obtained.

LONDON County Council. Post of Responsibility, Peckham (Secondary) School, Peckham Road, SE15 (new buildings opened in February, 1958; 1,600 girls 11-18+). Deputy Headmistress (qualified teacher) required in January, 1959, or as soon as possible after. Vacancy owing to promotion of existing holder, Burnham (London) scale salary with allowance of £500 a year. Appointment will be to Council's service and assignment to the school. Variety of courses, to General Certificate of Education at Ordinary and Advanced levels, and courses in commerce, needlecrafts, catering and horticulture. Opportunities for woodwork and light engineering training. Candidates must have good qualifications, organising ability and varied teaching experience and be interested in whole field of secondary education. Form TS.10.SR) (s.a.e. f'scap) from Divisional Officer, 83 Peckham Road, SE5, returnable to Head at school within two weeks. (2284.)

YOUNG English teacher wanted. Year's contract. Some knowledge Spanish & teaching experience essential. Academia Britanica, Salamanca.

REQUIRED in April, 1959, at small school for maladjusted boys aged 9-16. (1) Qualified Teacher. (2) Housemother. These appointments, additional to the present staff, are being made as a result of an increase in numbers. Apply the Principal, Tylehurst School, Forest Row, Sussex.

WANTED. Man to teach maths and woman to assist with kindergarten and house-mothering in small, friendly pioneering progressive school. Salary (with all-year residence) below Burnham Scale but adequate. Single applications or married couple considered. Apply New Sherwood School, Worple Road, Epsom, Surrey.

HAMPSTEAD. Expd kindergarten Mistress. Int. in independent responsible work (pref. Froebel). Recog. Burnham Scale. St Mary's Town & Country School, Eton Av., NW3.

BRITISH Library of Political and Economic Science (London School of Economics – University of London). Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Librarian on the scale £650 – £1,150 + £60 London Allowance, with possibility of further promotion. Candidates must be graduates, preferably in the Social Sciences or Law with a good knowledge of languages; a higher degree or research experience will be an additional qualification; library experience or training is also desirable. Further particulars may be obtained from the Librarian, London School of Economics, Houghton Street, Aldwych, London, WC2, to whom applications should be sent by 10 December.

ASSISTANT Technical Editor, full-time or part-time, required by The Architects' Journal. Applicants must have had at least three years experience in architectural or engineering practice or in building. Applications, stating age, qualifications, present salary and whether full- or part-time employment is sought, should reach the Secretary, The Architects' Journal, 9-13, Queen Anne's Gate, SW1, by 8 December, 1958.

LABOUR Party Library. There is a vacancy for a junior in the Labour Party Library. The work will be mainly in the Press Cuttings section though there will be a chance of some reference work in the main library. Applicants should be members of the Labour Party. Some experience of library work is an advantage. Salary £240-£530. Superannuation scheme. Applications should be made to The Secretary, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Furzedown Training College, Welham Road, SW17. Principal: Miss C. Fletcher, BA. Required September 1959, Lecturer in Chemistry (man or woman) in the Science Department of this College which is now being expanded. Good qualifications and teaching experience essential. Appointment will be to Council's service with assignment to this College. Application forms obtainable from (s.a.e. f'scap) and returnable to the Principal at the College.

RESEARCH Assistant, full-time or half-time, for work in economic statistics. Degree or other appropriate qualification required. Some knowledge of statistics or mathematics desirable. Salary according to qualifications and experience in range (full-time) £375 to £600. Full particulars and names of two referees to Clerk to the Faculty of Commerce & Social Science, University, Birmingham 15, by 5 December.

INTELLIGENT man or woman with wide knowledge of music wanted to supervise photograph and reference library, also filing system. Experience of similar work necessary. Please write, stating experience and salary required, etc., to Box 4641.

YOUNG lady production assistant with knowledge of shorthand/typing required by publisher, for an interesting and progressive position. Write giving details of exper. and salary reqd to the Books for Pleasure Group, Spring House, Spring Place, NW5.

JOURNALIST writing on Communist countries needs full-time research assistant; knowledge of Russian language & political, economic & social affairs. Qualifications & experience to Box 4749.

OXFORDSHIRE County Council Children's Department require two Child Care Officers (female) to fill vacancies created by promotion. Child Care Certificate, Social Science Diploma or other recognised qualification. Experience in a Children's Department or other Social Casework Agency an advantage but not essential. Salary according to experience within the range of £575 to maximum £725. Car essential. County Loan Scheme available. Application forms obtainable from County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Rd., Oxford. Gerald Gale Burkitt, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Oxford.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Psychiatric Social Workers for both pre- and after-care in Community Care Service, in East Division, Tottenham & West Division, Yiewsley. Good office accomm. & clerical assistance available. Position offers scope & interest in this field of psychiatric social work. PTA quals & salary. Established, subject to medical assessment & prescribed conditions. Car allowance payable. Apply giving full particulars & two referees to County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S', 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen St, SW1, by 28 December. Canvassing disqualifies.

ELIZABETH Fry Home, Acomb, York: a new home for family rehabilitation. The Trustees wish to appoint two resident members of staff, one to be Deputy Warden. Both posts pensionable. Posts offer opportunity to take part in social experiment designed to prevent family breakdown and child neglect. Applications are invited from women whose interest and experience enable them to help mothers to resume the independent care of their homes and families. Qualifications and/or experience in any of the following is desirable: family and social case work, infant care, home management, cooking. Application forms or further information from the Hon. Secretary, Elizabeth Fry Memorial Trust, Beverley House, York.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Applications are invited for two new posts of Housemaster at Chafford School, Ramsey, Nr. Harwich, an Approved School for 91 boys 13-16 years. Candidates should possess a qualification in Social Science or the residential child care certificate for approved schools. Salary ranges from £505 per annum at age 23 years to £610 per annum at 30 years and then annually to £785 per annum, less £116 per annum, if resident, for board and lodging (single accommodation only). Applications also considered for men possessing University diploma in Youth Service or Leadership and from others with experience acceptable to a Home Office Interview Board. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Children's Visitor. Applications are invited from candidates holding a degree, or qualification in social science, and/or the Home Office Certificate for Child Care Officers. Salary in accordance with Grade APTI, £575 × £30 – £725, plus £20 temporary excess rate. Commencing salary not less than £635 + £20. Additional increment for Child Care Certificate. Further particulars from Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham, 3. PO Box 93. Closing date for applications – 8 December, 1958.

MALADJUSTED Children. Stable, domesticated young woman required as Assistant House-Mother at a small Boarding School for boys. Minimum salary at present £200 a year, plus board and lodging. Six weeks' holiday. Apply, with the names of two referees, to the Warden, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

CAREERS Problems Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1. WEL. 8017.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—cont. on p. 787

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ADMINISTRATIVE County of Leicester Children's Department. Applications are invited from suitably qualified and/or experienced men for the post of Senior Child Care Officer, APT III (£845-£1,025). Post includes special responsibility for all Court work plus small case load and advising on problem cases. Further details on application. Car essential. Loan scheme if needed, also help with removal and temporary lodging expenses. Apply by letter giving full personal details, including age, education, qualifications and experience, with names and addresses of two referees, to Children's Officer, St Christopher's House, 12 Talbot Lane, Leicester. Closing date 16 Dec., 1958.

LONDON County Council. Welfare Officer with recent practical experience and preferably with social science qualification, required to work in Public Health Department in connection with prevention of venereal disease. Duties involve attendance at VD clinic held at one of HM prisons for women in North London and following up of defaulters. Inclusive salary £644 10s. (at age 24) to £844 10s., commencing point according to qualifications and experience. Further details and application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/2251), London County Council, SE1. Closing date 15 December.

FOUNTAIN Group Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the post of Supervisor of the School Department in the Ellen Terry Home, Wray Park Road, Reigate, which accommodates 50 blind mentally defective children. The post is vacant due to retirement and is non-resident. Salary scale £560 rising to £665 per annum. Applications stating age, experience, qualifications and the names and addresses of two referees to Organiser of Children's Schools, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, London, SW17.

DUNCROFT Approved School, Moor Lane, Staines, Middx. Relief Instructress required at the above School which accepts girls of reasonably good intelligence who are in need of psychiatric treatment. Some domestic science experience and/or qualification useful. Salary scales, which include equal pay increments, according to experience and qualifications. Board/Lodging is provided at a charge of £120 per annum. Enquiries to 'The Correspondent to Duncroft, 39 Queen Anne St, W1', or to the Headmistress.

LOLLARD Adventure Playground, Lambeth. Woman Deputy Warden, working experience with groups of children essential. £550 p.a. Apply LAPA, 38 Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1.

ST JOHN'S & Manor House Hospital Management Committee. St John's Hospital, Stone, nr Aylesbury, Bucks. Applications are invited for the post of a Medical Secretary at this Mental Hospital. Salary (Grade B) £395 at 23 years, rising by annual increments to a maximum of £546 p.a. Commencing salary can be increased according to experience and proficiency. Previous experience in Medical Secretarial work not essential, but applicants should be proficient shorthand typists with experience in general office routine. Applications, with two names for reference, should be forwarded to the Physician Superintendent at the Hospital.

LAMBETH Hospital, Brook Drive, London, SE11. Applications invited for post of Deputy Superintendent Radiographer. The hospital has a recognised School of Radiography. Whitley Council salary and conditions. Scale £485 × £15(4) × £25(1) – £570, plus London Weighting Allowance. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, together with names and addresses of two referees to The Secretary, Lambeth Group Hospital Management Committee, Renfrew Road, London, SE11.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Religious Director of the Association for Jewish Youth. Duties include responsibility for advising clubs and their leaders on their religious and Jewish cultural programmes, including planning of appropriate training courses. The post involves mainly evening work. Salary by arrangement. The office of Religious Director provides a challenging opportunity to those interested in and able to encourage young people to the highest ideals of citizenship and faith. Applications should be made in writing to the Secretary, AJY, 33 Berner Street, E1.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s 8d per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220-4 London Road, Chelmsford.

HERTFORDSHIRE Child Guidance Service. Part-time Psychiatric Social Worker required for mid-Herts area. Locum tenens considered. Car driver essential. Whitley Council salary and conditions. Applications to Medical Director, Child Guidance Clinic, Hill End, St Albans, Herts.

WANTED. Woman housekeeper for comfortable bedsitter in flatlet house, Chelsea, for light household duties, rent £1 p.w. Phone FLA. 9000.

PART-time (9.30-1.30) interviewers to sell/introduce service and book appointments, calling on householders London area. Commission basis plus expenses. Box 4692.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Brazilian typists for night work in London. Fluent Brazilian essential. Work consists of news dictation typing in Portuguese. Salary according to qualifications in grade with maximum of £10 13s. plus 10s. language allowance. Write to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within seven days.

MANAGER for West End coffee house. Sal. £600 plus percentage. Box 4753.

BRISTOL. Biochemist, PhD, widower, seeks res. housekeeper to help raise 3 young daughters; own bedsitter. Box 4721.

WEST Indian Social Worker required for a minimum period of one year, to work in a Central London Citizens' Advice Bureau. Candidates should have Social Science qualifications. Salary £525 p.a. plus travel allowance. Apply in writing by 12 December to CAB Liaison Officer, Family Welfare Association, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

YOUNG mother in Surrey village, 35 minutes Victoria, offers pleasant home and 30s. weekly to someone prepared to make breakfast for 4, children's tea (8 and 7), wash-up, baby-sit, iron and mend. Box 4730.

PART-time car owner (lady or gent) for mornings & evening/week-end work own area any part of country as Agent to follow up sales literature calling on middle/upper class householders for small, prog. Art firm. gd. personality & appearance essen. Interesting work. Give age & occupn. Box 4691.

INTERESTING post with literary agents near Charing Cross open to woman with good typing, accustomed to working without direct supervision. Age 20-30. Sal. approx. £7. Phone: Miss Piggott, COV. 2488.

SECRETARY to Principal. Responsible person able to run office and interview. Some languages essential. Good salary and prospects. Write St Giles School of Languages, 64-66 Oxford St, W1.

PART-time secretary for inventor, three afternoons per week. WES. 1302.

SECRETARY, 20/24, for interesting post in Public Relations. Sal. to £10. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

SECRETARY, fluent corrspt (shthnd, figures), accustomed to run small office (5 days). 41 Brecknock Rd, Camden Town, N7.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MANY directors will prefer to rely on Holiday Relief Staff for 1959 tested by Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2.

MABEL Eyles & Ptners. Sh./typing, translating, duplicatg, printing. MOU. 1701.

SPANISH Lady, degree, res. L'don, experienced receptionist, teacher, interpreter, fluent French, English, knowledge Italian, seeks similar post January. Box 4435.

VERSATILE intell. man (40) exp. bookselling; interests arts or social work, seeks any congenial work. Box 4607.

ANGLO-Russian couple, translating, teaching, typing, library, office work. Fluent German, French, Ital. Go anywhere. Box 4685.

YOUNG man going to Cambridge '59 seeks job from Jan., home or abroad. Box 4668.

FELLOWSHIPS

RESEARCH in Economics and Finance. Houblon-Norman Awards. The Trustees of the Houblon-Norman Fund invite applications for Fellowships or Grants in aid of research into the working of industry and finance in Great Britain and elsewhere and the economic conditions affecting them. Fellowships, which are intended for experienced research workers, are awarded for full-time research for one year, which may be renewed for a second year. Grants are awarded for either full-time or part-time work. The amount of the awards, which will take effect from 1 October, 1959, will depend upon the circumstances of the candidate and the probable expenses of his work. Applicants must be British subjects normally resident in the United Kingdom. The Trustees are prepared to relax this rule only in exceptional circumstances. Forms of application, which may be obtained from Secretary of the Fund, c/o Bank of England, London, EC2, should be returned not later than 1 March.

SCHOLARSHIPS

FRENSHAM Heights, Farnham, Surrey. (Co-educational Boarding School.) £150 per annum available for two scholarships (one may be for music) to be awarded to boys or girls aged 10-12½ years on 1 September, 1959. Exam. in March. Details from Headmaster.

SEVENOAKS School. Scholarship Regulations. Two or more Major Scholarships value up to full fees (£111 p.a. day boy; £261 boarder). Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions, Junior Group age: 10.2 to 11½ (Maths and English). Senior Group, age 11½ to 13½. Exam. end of February. Further particulars from Headmaster.

SCHOOLS

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3 (SWI. 3391). Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & Sum. holidays. Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 788

PASTERNAK'S language? Learn Russian in family atmosphere with an experienced teacher. CHI. 5665.

GERMAN lessons, language/literature, all levels. Native teachers. Social activities with German students. Ashley College, 'phone GER. 8782.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for GCE, Law Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker MA, LLD, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

OXFORD MA, wide teaching experience, excellent references, gives lessons in English, Greek and Latin. Box 4587.

RUSSIAN lessons given by Leningrad Univ. grad. E.R. 31 Mowbray Rd, NW6.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Spanish meth. Personal and class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar': Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. Tel. COV. 0754.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

SINGING & flute lessons. Roger Moffatt, MA Oxon., ARCO, ARCM, 20 Christchurch Avenue, NW6.

ST Peter's Loft, St Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio, Workshop & Pottery, Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Lectures, Pottery. Accom. arranged.

FOOD AND DRINK

DESPERATE of Kensington forced to move. New flat must contain good space for prized store of El Cid Sherry. Willing to move to any district. Put up with any inconvenience. Pay any rent.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W2. Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms, with board, reasonable.

HAMPSTEAD. Comf. accomm. & board, sgle & dble rms, nice home close Heath & Stn. 14 Frognal Gdns, NW3. SWI. 3365.

STUDIO Chelsea (residential) to let fully furnished. Use bathrooms, suit writer or professional man or woman. Vacant 9 Dec. View now, mornings. 7 gns. p.w. incl. elect. light & service. Apply Housekeeper, 55 Oakley St, SW3 or tel.: FLA. 5645.

NW1. Furn. flat, kit.-diner, mod. sink-unit, etc. Double b/s sep. divans. Share bath. Linen, etc. Suit 2 friends, 52s. 6d. each. GUL. 6288.

31s. 6d. each for two people. Large twin-bedded room, heat & light inclusive. Near Putney Bridge. PUTney 1035.

KENSINGTON. Sunny b/s., mod. court. C.h. Use k. & b. Ladies only. WES. 2267.

TWO sane females want third for roomy s.c. flat Sth Ken. 2 gns. Box 4646.

YOUNG bachelor has furn. flatlet for another. 30 mins town. Details Box 4579.

LARGE room; full use of all usual amenities; garden; dom. serv.; grad. household. £3 3s. incl. Central. Box 4610.

PROF. people (brother & sister) invite third to share fully-equipped Kensington flat Own room. £3 15s. FRE. 1829.

MAN 28-32 wanted share Chelsea flat from Monday. £13 p.m. KNI. 2023.

CONGENIAL atmosphere, music/literary interests, 2 sgle rooms, ckg facs, 50s., 60s. HAM. 8109 wkends or after 4 weekdays.

BRIGHT Dormer bed-sitter. Bus lady. Heat, light, linen, ckg facs, etc. All inc. 2 gns. p.w. Tel. EALing 4352 or Box 4688.

HAMPSTEAD Heath. 2-room furnished flat. £4 p.w. SWIss Cottage 3043.

WELFARE worker offers share her charming Hampstead flat – room(s). Box 4677.

COMF. quiet 2-room flat. Good dec. ½ hr. Cent. Lond. C.h.w. £4 4s. SYD. 5349.

FLAT-Share Specialists – also furnished flats and rooms. Roy's Bureau, 40 Mortimer Street, W1. MUS. 0512.

SWISS Cottage; large furn. room, 2 divans, bed-linen, bathroom shared, kitchen, tel., electric light. Refs. 5 gns. Box 4614.

RICHMOND owner Victorian house offers furn. 3 rms & kit. 5 gns. Box 4714.

SHARE-a-Flat, 175 Piccadilly, W1. HYD. 2545. The right person or the right flat.

BARNES Common. Comf. room, own cooking, 30s., some sitting-in. PRO. 3817.

2 FURNISHED rooms nr Holland Park, cooking facs, share bath & phone. Suit one or two, moderate rent. Box 4697.

BLOOMSBURY. Furn. one lge rm, kit., bth, w.c., s/c. 4 gns. Suit two. Box 4584.

ATTRACTIVE room, £2 15s. incl. NW10. 'Phone evngs or wkend. WIL. 2056.

COSY furnished fisherman's cottage Whitstable, sleep four, mod. cons., shops & sea 1 min. Rent £4 p.w. Phone FLA. 9000.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

BACH. grad. 25 yrs b/s, some meals, Shep. Bush, W12, area or nr. Docile; housetrained; faintly musical. Box 4606.

YOUNG man seeks accommodation in London. Bed-sitter with meals provided, within easy trav. distance of City. Box 4704.

ARMY Captain, Regular (Retd), 58, widower, seeks quiet unfurnished basement/garden flat. Any district. Box 4687.

OXGRAD, 27, seeks inexp. accom. Will share; pref. Hampsteadwards. Box 4664.

YOUNG London bach. seeks accom. Flat, rm or wld welcome sharing. Box 4734.

AUST. research couple & toddler need London flat/house during Univ. Xmas vac. Write W.J.G., Corpus Christi Coll., Oxford.

FRENCH girl, 21, studying English wishes live p.g. family London. Box 4720.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND FOR SALE

LOG cabin, spacious, warm, dry. Furn. accom. for 2. Phone, Calor gas, garage. No mod. cons. Rural seclusion 55 miles London. Cheap rent long let. Box 4662.

STREATHAM/Norwood. Mod. s/d. fam. hse, 3 bed., lounge, dining, mod. kit., cen. htg, gdn, brick garage. £3,500. GIP. 1852.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

There is no better Christmas holiday than a Winter Sports holiday in Austria or Switzerland or a Christmas party in Vienna, but if you can't afford the time or money you should join an informal Christmas party in Britain.

Full details from Erna Low, 47(NS), Old Brompton Road, SW7. KEN. 0911.

THE CLUB MEDITERRANEE OF PARIS

invites you to a FILM SHOW on SATURDAY, 6 December, at 7.30 at the French Institute, South Kensington.

Films of winter sports in France and Switzerland and of summer holidays in the Mediterranean.

Coffee and questions afterwards.

Tickets (free) from CLUB MEDITERRANEE 139 Kensington High Street (entrance in Wrights Lane), London, W8. Western 1517.

SKI-ING in Switzerland. Special student offer at Schwefelberg, 5,200 ft. B. Oberland. Excellent hotel – 12 days at resort only £26 10s. inc. Write: Anglo-Swiss Tours, 10 Av. Chambers, 4 Vernon Pl., London, WC1.

UNIVERSITY Ski-ing Holidays. A few vacancies still left for Christmas and New Year departures. Austria, Switzerland, France, Norway from £29 5s., 14 days. Write for brochure: Nicholas Phillips, 8 Brunswick Walk, Cambridge.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

PICTURE Post 1938/54; Listener 1947/58; RIIA Bulletin 1931/54. FIN. 7540.

'WORLD Affairs' includes contributions by Lord Attlee, Sir Adrian Boult, Sir John Slessor, Colin Wilson. Send 1s. for 1 issue or 5s. for 6 issues to 10 Wyndham Place, W2.

'BRITAIN'S Colonies and the Colour Bar', by R. Palme Dutt; 'Plain Words on Tests', by Quaestor; 'Memories of the Reichstag Fire Trial', by D. N. Pritt, QC. In Labour Monthly, post free 1s 8d, or 9s half-yearly from Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

LOVE (Stendhal) 21s. Merlin Press, 112 Whitfield St, W1. H. Brulard, 25s. Full practical advice for amateur archæologists, Jack Lindsay's 'Discovery of Britain', only 15s.

'THE New Socialist': Voice of Democratic Socialism with Accent on Asian Affairs. Published monthly. Single copy: 2s; annual 21s. Post Box 2532, New Delhi 5 (India).

PASTERNAK. Poems tr. by L. Slater. Preface by Hugh MacDiarmid. Continental-style production. 5s., post 8d. Peter Russell, Fairwarp, Sussex.

LANDLORDS profit from Rent Act; Exit IDT: Planning Bill explained. 'Labour Research' 9d. (11s. p.a.), 161 Drury Lane, London, WC2.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner (Books). Phone AMBassador 1564.

LE Livre Français s'achète chez Hachette, 127 Regent Street, W1.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

WANTED. Horizons; Scrutiny's; Criterions; Transitions & sim. Literary Jrnls. Books also purchased. Fisher and Spere, 46 Highgate High St, London, N6. MOU. 7244.

BOOKS bought. Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS bought and sold. English, German and French. M. Waterhouse, 2 Station Arcade, Swiss Cottage, NW6. PRI. 2585.

BETTER Books Ltd., 94 Charing Cross Road, WC2. Write for free Christmas catalogue. Special feature of Art Books.

OPERA AND BALLET

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1 & 5 Dec. at 7. Der Rosenkavalier
2 & 12 Dec. at 7.30. Samson
8 Dec. at 7.30. The Bartered Bride
10 Dec. at 7. Aida (in Italian)

THE ROYAL BALLET

3 Dec. at 7.30. Mam'zelle Angot, Rinaldo & Armida. The Firebird
4 & 6 Dec. at 7.30. Le Lac des Cygnes
6 Dec. at 2 and 9 Dec. at 7.30. Ondine

COV. 1066.

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Tel. TER. 1672. Evenings at 7.30.

2, 5, 9 & 11 Dec.	The Merry Widow
3 & 13 Dec.	The Flying Dutchman
4 & 10 Dec.	Il Seraglio
6 Dec.	Samson & Delilah
12 Dec.	Schwanda the Bagpiper

THEATRE ROYAL
NOTTINGHAM

Touring Opera 1958 presents

1-6 December

Mon.	Don Giovanni
Tues.	Cav. & Pag.
Wed.	The Barber of Seville
Thurs	Carmen
Fri.	Madamé Butterfly
Sat. (mat.)	The Bartered Bride
Sat. (evg.)	Carmen

Evenings 7.15. Sat. Mat. 2.30.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu./Fri. 8, Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. 'The Devil Peter'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Intimate Revue. 3-yr ft. 2.30, Sun. 4. 9th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for mems tkt & free mag.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. Last perfs. Today 5 & 8.15. Samuel Beckett's 'End-Game' & 'Krapp's Last Tape'. 'A Shattering Theatrical Experience' – Milton Shulman, Evening Standard.

TEMPO Theatre Club. BAY. 7196. 18 Chepstow Villas, W11. Machiavelli's 'Mandragola', adaptation by Chas. Marowitz. Thurs., Fri., 8 p.m. Sunday, 3 p.m. Last 3 perfs.

TH, Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Lst 3 wks. 8. S. 5, 8 Breadan Behan's The Hostage.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Mother Courage,' by Bertolt Brecht. Fri. Sat. Sn. 7.15. Mems.

CONCERTS

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Works by Vivaldi, Pergolesi, Quantz, Buxtehude, Bach, Telemann. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Rm. Sat., 6 Dec., 8.15. WAT. 3191.

ENGLISH Consort of Viols, assisted by Honor Sheppard (Soprano). Songs to the Viols, by William Byrd, Dowland & composers of 15th and 16th Centuries. Works for Four, Five & Six Viols by Jenkins, Lawes, Lupo, Coperario & Holborne. Wigmore Hall, Mon., 8 Dec. at 7.30. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall (WEL. 2141) & Agents. Tilly Connely, Ltd., 22 Trebovir Road, SW5.

BETHLEHEM by Rutland Boughton. Stage production with Margaret Ritchie, full Chorus, Soloists & Orchestra, Mon. & Tues., 15 & 16 Dec., 7.30, St. Pancras Town Hall. Conductors: James Robertson (15 Dec.), Alan G. Melville (16 Dec.). Tkts: 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from Town Hall (TER. 7070) & St. Pancras Public Libraries.

MUSIC of Shostakovich – recital and talk by Prof. B. Stevens, Thurs., 4 Dec.; Soviet Architecture Today – talk by Arthur Ling, FRIBA, Coventry, Tues., 9 Dec. Both at 7.30 p.m., SCR, 14 Kensington Sq, W8. Adm. 2s.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). A Prog. of Films on 'British Graphic Art' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 30 Nov.: Eisenstein's 'Time in the Sun' ('A' (London)). 'The Bespoke Overcoat' (A). From 1 Dec.: Polish masterpiece 'Kanal' (X).

ROXY. BAY. 2345. Wk c. 30 Nov. 7 days. Edmund Purdom, Ann Blyth, The Student Prince. U. Ann Baxter, Bedevilled, A.

EUROPEAN Friendship Fair. Albanian film. 30 Nov., 8 p.m. 18 Manor Mansions, Belsize Grove, NW3.

RIALTO Socials for Over-30's. Lic. Bar, dancing, 7-10. Sun. 30 Nov. 5s. inc. ref. Bull & Mouth, 31 Bloomsbury Way, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today, Sat., 29 Nov. 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

LEICESTER Galleries Exhibitions: Recent Paintings by Ghika, Theima Hulbert, Maxwell Armfield and Alexander Ballard. Leicester Sq. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED new publication Lorjou's The Green Dish £3 6s. plus tax 9s. 4d., from all good printsellers or from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Three Collagists. Closing 1 p.m., 29 November. Admission 1s. Members free.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Picture Fair 7. Preview 3 p.m., 2 December. Buy a ticket for 15 guineas and win a Paolozzi. Closing date and draw 17 December. Daily 10-6, Saturday 10-1. Closed Sundays. Adm. free.

EXHIBITION: Robert Owen's Life and Work. Rare books, mementos, pictures. Open till 13 Dec. Tues.-Fri., 3-8, Sats, 10-6. Marx Memorial Library, 37a Clerkenwell Green, EC1. Admission free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Eugene Boudin (1824-1898). Retrospective Exhibition, 90 paintings and water-colours from French & British museums and many private collections, in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. Admission 2s 6d; Students 1s; illustrated catalogue 7s 6d. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-12.30.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Exhibition of 'Mille Gravures en Couleurs'. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Sculpture by Meynal. Paintings by Munford. Till 13 December. Daily 10-6 except Sunday.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Paintings, Fusaro (first English exhibition). Line drawings, Mervyn Peake. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Christmas Present Exhibition: Small Pictures by English and French Artists.

ZWEMMER'S, Litchfield St, WC2. Bauchant, Buffet, Epstein, Matisse, Picasso, Raza, Sutherland, Underwood, Vlaminck.

GEORGE Stubbs: Rediscovered Anatomical Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 13 December. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. Paintings by Jeannette Jackson, Margarethe Garthe, E. Wolfram. 24 Nov.-6 Dec. 10-6, 10-1. MAYfair 4419.

DISCURIO, London's fabulous new record and hi-fi shop in Shepherd Market, presents 'Black Music' – classical, folk, calypso, jazz, native instruments, carvings, etc. 20 November-12 December at 9 Shepherd Street, W1. HYDe Park 6939.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

GALLERY One (GER. 3529). Christoforou New paintings. Oct.-Nov.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Paolozzi – Sculpture. Until 31 December. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

PAINTINGS from The Urvater Collection, Brussels. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 14 December. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8, Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. XIX and XX Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. (Closing 6 Dec.)

SCHOOL Prints, Ltd, 13 Motcomb Street, SW1. 2,000 colour prints and lithographs always in stock. Picture hire schemes. Sculpture replicas and photographs. Special framing undertaken by Motcomb Frames, Ltd, 13 Motcomb Street, SW1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Jackson Pollock Retrospective 1912-1956. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Holland Street, W8. 6 December at 6 p.m. Italian film: Due soldi di Speranza.

SHAW Society: Dan H. Laurence of New York on 'Russia – With & Without Shaw'. 7 Albemarle St, W1, 7 p.m. 28 Nov. Nonmems. 2s. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. 'The Parties' Pensions Plans'. Brian Abel-Smith. Wed. 3 Dec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. 7.30 p.m. Vis. 2s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LEEDS

'Conviction' and the New Left:

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Thursday, 11 December, 7.30 p.m.

YMCA, Albion Place, Leeds.

ULR CLUB. GORDON REDFERN & JOHN LONDON:

'The Future of our Cities'. The Marquee (nxt Academy Cin.) Oxford St, W1. Mon. 1 Dec. 7.30. 2s. Mem. 1s.

LONDON Schools Left Club, 5 Dec., 5.45. Norman Mackenzie: 'Living in the Stalemate State'. 7 Carlisle St, W1. Entr. 9d., members free (School students only).

ULR Tuesday Forum. Harry Nkumbula, Pres, Afric. Natl Congress, N. Rhodesia. Tu. 2 Dec. 1 p.m. Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

ULR Educ. Grp. Tu. 2 Dec. at 6. The Schools we want to see, Gabriel Newfield.

HOWARD League. H. Prins, PSW, London Remand Home and Classifying Centre, 'Parents of Delinquent Children', Caxton Hall, Wed. 3 December, 6.30 p.m.

HEAR Mr Paul Robeson on Thur., 4 Dec., at 8 p.m., Ayrton Hall, Imperial College, S. Ken., SW7. (Note change of address.) Cards available. London Majlis, 31a John Adam Street, WC2, Wed.-Fri. 6-8 p.m.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 28 Nov. 8 p.m., Symposium Pasternak's 'Doctor Zhivago'. Chairman: John Lawrence. Speakers: Manya Harari, Walter Allen, Anatole Goldberg, David Floyd, Michael Kullmann, J. W. Lambert, Bernard Wall & others. Tues. 2 Dec. 8 p.m., Special Evening at French Institute, Queensberry Place, SW7. Ida Kar: 'Soviet Armenia' (projection). Questioner: Laurie Lee. Chairman: Cyril Ray. Tickets obtainable in advance from Pushkin Club and at door.

BRITISH-Asian and Overseas Socialist Fellowship – Leeds Branch. H. E. Ivo Vejvoda, Yugoslav Ambassador, on 'Yugoslav and Bandung'. Friends House, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds. Wednesday, 3 December at 7.45 p.m.

S. PLACE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 30 Nov. Mrs D. Pickles, MA, 'Black Africa – the Fifth Republic and Britain'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert, 6.30 p.m.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture. Fri. 5 Dec. 8.30 p.m. 'Benin Language & Folk Tales'. E. O. Okundaye. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688. Adm. free.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W.8. Sun., 30 November, 6.30 Music & Readings. 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: 'Values and Techniques'.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public lecture. Sun., 30 Nov. 8 p.m. 'Healing, Physical and Metaphysical'. Book list on request.

RAMAKRISHNA Vendanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Suns 3.30, Sanskrit Class for Beginners (free), by A. H. Hemrajani, MA. 5 p.m. Swami Ghanananda: Bhagavad-Gita. Thurs., 11 Dec. 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: Fundamentals of Vedanta: (iv) What Happens After Death. Next lecture 15 Jan. Vedanta magazine 2s 6d.

AT Younghusband House, 23 Norfolk Square, Paddington, W2, on 4 December, at 7 p.m. Dr Sasadhar Sinha, BA, BSc, PhD, on 'Tagore and His Message' – under the auspices of World Congress of Faiths.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

BAYEUX Tapestry, illustrated lecture by Dr William Urry, Monday, 1 Dec., 8.30, Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (nr. Town Hall) (arr. Finsbury Art Group) Non-members 1s. 6d.

CONWAY Discussions, S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues., 7.15 p.m., 2 Dec. Ronald Lightowler, 'The Ethics of Food'.

SOCIALIST Party of Gt Britain, Public Meeting – 'World Unrest – Why?' Sun. 30 Nov. at 7.30 p.m., Denison House, 269 Vauxhall Bridge Road (Nr Victoria Station). Speakers D'Arcy & May. Questions & Discussion. Admission Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'The New Dictionary of Polish – History and Principles' will be delivered by Professor W. Doroszewski (Warsaw) at 5 p.m. on 2 December at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies, University of London, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

'SEX, Art and Education' – Watford Branch Progressive League: Speaker, John Morley, Thurs., 4 Dec., 7.45 p.m. at Cookery Nook, High St, Watford. Trains met 7.30 Watford Junction, by black Zodiac.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Poetry. A reading of translations of recent poetry from Russia and Eastern Europe introduced by Robert Conquest. Thurs., 4 December, 8.15. Mems 1s. 6d., Guests 3s.

'JEWISH & Christian Views of the Law'. The Rev. Dr Nathaniel Micklem, DD, LLD & Professor David Daube, FBA, DCL, PhD, D. Jur., on Thursday 4 December at 7 p.m. at Kings Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St, Oxford St, W1. All welcome.

MONDAY, 1 December 1958. General Zionist Organisation of Great Britain, meeting now Mondays at 'The Dorice', 109a Finchley Rd, NW3 (nr John Barnes). Lord Lambton, MP, on 'Middle and Far East'. 8 p.m. sharp. Hon. Sec. Mrs H. H. Allen, SPE. 3328.

MOSHE Sharett will deliver the Third Hillel Foundation Annual Lecture on 'Problems of Israel's Democracy'. Wed., 3 December, 8 p.m. Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. Adm. free.

GRODDECK on 'Woman', Oscar Kollerström, Mon. 1 Dec., Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, SW1, 8.15.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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COURSES
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MANCHESTER. Week-ends January – July, 1959.

LONDON. Evenings, April – December, 1959.

Details from: The Organiser, Maria Montessori Training Organisation, 1 Park Crescent, London, W1. Tel. MUSeum 7425.

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Fee for the Course, including residence at Madingley Hall, £8 8s.
Further information may be obtained from The Secretary, Cambridge University Board of Extra-mural Studies, Stuart House, Cambridge.

PRIORITIES in Education,' Fabian New Year School, 2-4 Jan., Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. Austen Albu, H. D. Hughes, Robin Pedley. Details 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. in 1887, prepares students by post for General Certificate of Education (all Levels) London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others, London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc (Econ), LLB). Teachers' Diplomas, Law, Private Study Courses in Sociology, Languages, etc. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

ST JAMES' Academy, 283, Oxford Street, W1 – HYDe Park 6524 – Intensive Secretarial Courses start 5 January – Small Groups – remarkable results. Also Modern Language Courses and English for Continentals – Hampstead residence.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

ITALIAN, French, Germ. (Rome Univ., Sorb., Heidelb.), spec. Holiday Syll., also coach to Univ. Ent. Mrs. Chanda, HAM. 7322.

LECTURE COURSES—cont. on page 787

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